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CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918





THE
ROTHERS OF VALENCIA.

An Original Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

ROBERT ST. CLAIR JONES,

ACTED

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Author of "Rosa Hood" and "The Spanish Boy."

London:

PUBLISHED BY C. DARRIS, 24, BOW STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

MDCCCXII.

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MDCCLII

THE
Brothers of Valencia.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Don Andrea's Mansion.*

Don Ivan (within). Ho! Pedro! Blazo! Brother Andrea!
Rise! Must I call unanswered for an hour? [*Enters L. H.*
Or does the God of Sleep more poppies shed
Upon the pillows of the lazy townsmen
Than on the couches of us country folk,
That thunder cannot rouse them? Oh! you're come.

Enter Pedro, Blazo, and other Domestics, half-dressed, R. H.

At last: now, rascals, tell me truly—

Pedro. } Sir!
Blazo. }

Don I. When from the country I arrived last night,
And made a fond inquiry for my son,
Who is adopted by my brother here—
Your too good-natured master—what reply
Was made me?

Enter Don Andrea, R. H.

Don A. Has the devil come to see us?
Or doth Aurora hurl the bolts of Jove,
That every man must wake before the birds,
And chirp to th' rising Sun, because, forsooth,
He has nought else to do!

Don I. Now, brother, list:
Last night, at ten o'clock, I came to town;
I ask'd to see my son, Gregorio:
They told me he was ill in bed, poor boy!
You vow'd the same, and did not wish your pet
To be disturbed. I had my doubts of this;
For I have heard o' the headlong life he leads,

And that's what brought me to Valencia.

I ope'd his chamber door an hour ago—

Don A. And found him not; he's gone to fish, perch.

Pedro. Yes, yes, Don Ivan, our young master is a rare finished angler.

[*Don A. dismisses all servants, save Pedro and*

Don A. We've no need to buy

A single fish for our consumption; he

Can furnish us with all varieties,

From cod and turbot down to sticklebacks.

Pedro. Good soul!

Don A. He has not been in bed all night!

Both couch and pillow yet are undisturbed.

Pedro. I made his bed two hours ago.

Don A. Good.

Don I. Knave!

Are you bed-maker to this family?

Pedro. Yes; when the chambermaid is indisposed—
I do odd jobs.

Don I. Oh, she's ill, too? Of course;

Or out a fishing with Gregorio,

Mayhap? How can you, brother Andrea,

Encourage these presuming varlets here

To vent such falsehoods, all to screen my son,

Whose character, in country and in town, [*Ped. and Bla. r*
Has gone abroad? Thank Heaven! I've one good boy,

The son I left behind me yesternoon—

Minds nothing but the culture of my lands

And of his intellect.

Don A. He'll break out soon,

Or else he's no Velasco.

Don I. Fire and death!

Have I, at any time of life, indulged

In wild propensities?

Don A. When we were young,

Our thrifty father kept a rare tight string

Upon his purse, and neither you nor I

Could well afford to walk in flow'ry paths:

Now, brother, that we've lost our appetite,

And Heaven sends us every delicacy,

Because we cannot stomach them ourselves,

Are we to make a virtue of distaste?

Don I. 'Tis plain you countenance the boy in vice.

Don A. All vices cure themselves. If one is born

Beneath a dancing star, why get him fiddlers;

He'll cease to caper when his legs are tired.

A surfeit cures your glutton;—too much wine,

Your bibber;—and satiety, the rake:

The jail, a thief;—the rope, your highwayman.

Don I. He shall not harbour where temptation lives.

Don A. What proof have you he's vile? the vulgar talk.

The vulgar never blazon forth men's virtues,

But swell their venial sins to horrid crimes;

Plague seize detractors and their auditors!

The more you serve some men, the worse you're used:

Your son has been too liberal to all;

And, like so many villainous crows i' the corn,

They're not content to cram their hungry maws

At times, but one must yield them all he has,

Or else they'll caw so loud he cannot rest.

Judge for yourself; you're in Valencia now.

Don I. I'll watch him night and day, or know the truth.

Don A. What if he tear his neighbour's coat, or smash

His windows or his doors?—play cat-in-bowl?

Attend a cock fight?—dog fight?—fight himself?

Or break a nose—or knock an eye out? Zounds!

I've money—heaps! and money, now-a-days,

Will pay for every thing.

Don I. Oh, monstrous! monstrous!

Don A. Yet—I think not that he acts so vile a part:—

But even grant he does?

Don I. I'll kill him straight!

I rest not till I search Valencia through.

I'll call at every tavern; all the haunts

Of profligacy: I'll soon find him out.

Don A. (Aside.) Run, Pedro, seek him, put him on his guard;

He's at the "Calderon's Head," no doubt.—Well, brother,

[*Exeunt Pedro and Blazo.*]

Let me assist you in the search.—Come, come;

Be not thus angry with the poor dear boy—

We are not quite immaculate, ourselves;

Hence we must overlook the trivial faults

Of youth.

Don I. The trivial faults?

Don A. Nay, chafe not thus;

Gregorio's not so bad as he's reported.

Don I. I would your words were true!

Don A. They are!

Don I. We'll see!

[*Exeunt L. H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Piazza in back ground.—A cathedral, R. H.; and the "Calderon's Head" tavern, L. H. Laughing within.*

Enter Gregoria, Silva, Bernard, Friola, Alvaro, and others, from tavern.

Omnes. Home! home!

Greg. St. Jago, it is broad daylight.

This nightly revel, friends, will make us beds
Of clay. Friola's like a new-made ghost;
Alvaro the complexion of a lemon;
And Silva, every colour in the rainbow.
All haggard as our mountain mining men,
Let loose from labour—fie upon these hours!

Friola. Gregorio turned mentor! ha! ha! ha! [*All laugh.*]

Greg. Comedians—are you not ashamed to look
Your poet Calderon there in th' face?—He frowns!—
Perceive ye not— [*Pointing to the sign of the "Calderon's Head."*]

Friola. He's winking, too, I'll swear.

Alvaro. Your eyes are dancing in your head; 'tis time
They closed their shutters: let us homeward hie.

Greg. Ah me! Let mortal heads be e'er so square,
The tun of Bacchus turns them round and round.

Alvaro. I play the part of Soberpate to-night;
But how, I know not.

Greg. Certain aqueous draughts,
And three hours' sleep, will rectify your brains.

Friola. And I enact the Canon of Segovia.

Greg. Then sleep but little; take another bowl;
Your Canon will go off with great eclat.
A sober canon is beyond the pale.

Alvaro. Gregorio, you're a prince; you've paid our bills—
Friola's bill and mine: you've made that cursed
Infernal landlord civil to us at last.

Friola. We've had no peace with him for three long months.

Alvaro. The scurvy varlet offered me his hand.

Greg. I mark'd it—when his false accounts were cleared.
I'd rather clasp a greasy butcher's digits
Than those of such a waddling lout. His legs
Remind us of the clock at half-past six:
The world can have no peace while he is in't.
His knocking knees are constantly at war;
His nose is like beet root, and sharp enough
To cleanse tobacco pipes, or pick a thorn
From out a spider's heel; and then his eyes—
Two coddled gooseberries. But see, my friends, [*A laugh.*]
The eye of waking morn peeps laughingly
Forth from his vermilion curtain in the East,
Inviting sluggard mortals to arise,
And hail the coming of the world's best friend.

Pedro (without). Ho! master! master!

Greg. Pedro, by this light.

Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Away! your father came to town last night:
He's now in search of you,—will soon be here.

Greg. S'death!—Friends, farewell, disperse

Omnes. Adieu ! adieu !

Greg. We meet again, sirs,

Alvaro. At the "Calderon's Head."

[*Exeunt all, save Greg. Sil. Bern. and Ped.*]

Greg. Confusion ! Pedro, why deceive him not ?

Pedro. He would not be deceived ; we tried our best.

Silva. * Our domicile is close by yours ; come on.

[*To Greg.* *All are about to go.*]

Greg. Stay ; surely I should know that beauteous form—

'Tis Mergelina ! Stand apart, my friends.

Silva. Gregorio is engaged,—the bird is limed :

Come, Bernard, let us hence alone.

[*Going.*]

Greg. Not so ;

One moment, and we join. The breath of morn

Is not more pure than she you now behold.

[*They retire up stage.*]

Enter Mergelina, R. H., a small basket of flowers in her hand.

Merg. Gregorio !

Greg. Our mutual wonder, love,

That we should meet thus unexpectedly,

At such an hour—to me unseasonable—

Will doubtless be dispell'd, like morning mist,

By elucidation's light. I blush to say

I've revell'd in the "Calderon's Head" all night.

Merg. Oh, shame, Gregorio !

Greg. Though in his "Head,"

I found not there his brains, but lost my own.

At this establishment, the head and purse

Grow light together.

Merg. Alas ! and character.

Greg. Chide not, sweet love ; my failing is confess'd.

Merg. Upon the banks of Guadalavia, since

The dawn of light, I gathered these fair plants,

To glad my poor old mother : she is fond

Of flow'rets—all that blossomy spring can yield ;

I'd fain surprise her with this little show.

A lofty dome and garden once were hers ;

She will not grieve their loss so deeply while

By every means I try to soothe her cares.

Greg. Thou'rt worthy of a palace, Mergelina ;

ay, and the garden of Hesperides !

My poor fond love, were I possessed of worlds

They should be thine.

Merg. And yet you seldom come

To visit Mergelina. How is this ?

Greg. That I have play'd the truant, I allow ;

But absence cannot blight the memory

Of those we fondly doat upon. To-morrow's light

Will guide me to thy dwelling ; trust in me.

Merg. I would we ne'er had met, Gregorio.
I should not then bemoan the lonesome day
I see thee not ; I should not then be jeer'd
By tattling gossips in this noisy town,
For cherishing so bright, yet vain, a hope,
That we may yet be wed. You stand upon
The mount of fame,—of affluence ; high degree ;
All earthly joys commanding ;—stoop not, then,
To pluck the lowly flow'ret of the vale,
That you may wear it for a fleeting hour,
Then cast it as a worthless thing away.

Greg. Why, Mergelina—

Merg. See me not again,
If honour, to our threshold, guide thee not.

Greg. She doubts my virtue.

Merg. Who can rely on one
Who for his own good name hath little care ?

Greg. Say on ; for I could list to thee for aye !

Merg. If I should never see thee more, I wish
Thee happy ! Pray, forsake this reckless course—
Thy wild associates. Pardon this advice !

Greg. Kind counsel flowing from that pearly cave,
That coral fount, which throws its music forth
In liquid silv'ry measure, would induce
Th' erratic stars to linger in their orbits ;
The rambling winds to halt ; the careless waves
To stay their course ! Yea, rather let me hear
Her voice in anger, than the tuneful choir,
The plummy warblers of an Indian grove,
Or fabled harmony of all the spheres.
Shew me the man who dares traduce thy name,
This blade shall make a riddle of his heart !
I cannot fight with women : let them talk,
No power can lull the murmuring of the sea.
For thy defence, Gregorio hath a steel ;—
For thy reduced estate, a well fill'd coffer ;—
And for thy virtues—honour !

Merg. Thanks ! oh, thanks !

Greg. Amid the festal throng—the mazy dance—
Or, when carousing o'er the midnight bowl,
The thoughts of Mergelina never fly me.
I love thee with a pure and lasting flame,
Which no temptation—beauty—title—wealth—
Or aught on earth can quench.

Merg. Oh, happy hour !

Receive this little tribute of my love. [*Offers him a flower.*]

Greg. It shall not fade before we meet again.
The dew-drop tear which fell upon its leaves

Will make it doubly prized !

Pedro. They come ! fly ! fly !

[*Exit Pedro.*]

Mery. Who comes ?

Greg. My father ! This way, love—adieu !

[*Puts her off L. H., and returns.*]

Enter Don Ivan and Don Andrea, disguised in cloaks. Silva and Bernard conceal themselves in porch of the church.

Greg. is about to escape U. E. E.

Don I. Ho ! son Gregorio !

Don A. It is not he !

Don I. Pshaw ! pshaw ! Return, Gregorio ; I command !

Greg. Who dares command Gregorio ?

Don I. Who dares ?

Greg. Ay, sir ! Gregorio is the first born son
Of good Don Ivan de Velasco—nephew of
Don Andrea Velasco. In this town
He plays not second fiddle to the best :
He will not be commanded, but command ;
For this good reason : he's of noble blood—
He pays his debts—assists a friend in need—
Is charitable, and—devout !

Don I. Devout !

Don A. Yes ; he is given much to sanctity.

Don I. And blinded so by zeal, he does not know
His father.

Don A. Keep aloof ; I'll question him.

Gregorio !

Greg. My uncle ! Out so soon !

Don A. Your worthy father has arrived in town.

Greg. My father ! No ! Unlook'd for happiness !

Oh ! lead me to his presence ! Let me clasp

This second Cincinnatus to my breast,

Who, careless of his rank and dignity,

Retires, and leads a simple country life.

What man can boast a father like to him ?

Don A. Be careful what you say ; he's close at hand.

Greg. Who see the stars rise first ? The sons o' the deep.

[*Aside.*]

While other men lie snoring in their beds,
He goes out digging, ploughing, harrowing !
Alas ! I would he were at home again.

Don I. No doubt you do.

[*Aside.*]

Greg. This smoky atmosphere
Will ruin his complexion and his health !
Then, these unseasonable hours. Of course,
For joy of meeting, you have both been out
All night, and boozing in this tavern here ?

[*Pointing to "Calderon's Head."*]

Don I. What! I! Oh, you confounded hypocrite!

[*Discovering himself.*]

Greg. My father! as I live!

Don I. Dolt! as you live

Your father never lived. How dare you, sir,

Accuse a father of intemperance—

A crime, of which the son alone is guilty?

Greg. I could be sworn the good Sirs Andrea

And Ivan issued from the "Calderon's Head."

Here, Silva, Bernard, be my witnesses: [They come forward.]

You surely saw these worthy gentlemen

Reel out from yonder tavern?

Silva. } Truly, yes!

Bern. }

Don A. Ho! ho! ho! ho!

[*Laughing aside.*]

Don I. How, brother, can you laugh

To find the varlet so surcharged with wine,

He knows not what he sees, or hears, or says?

One moment I'm a sage philosopher—

The next a midnight sot—still worse—he cites

His wild associates here to prove his words.

Greg. I prithee, sir, be not ashamed of this;

The wisest men relax at times.

Don I. Oh, fury!

Don A. Good boy, Gregorio; stick to that. Ha! ha!

[*Aside to Greg.*]

Greg. I cannot altogether palliate

Excesses in old men; but then, excuse

Is fair upon occasions such as this;—

Long parted friends united—revelry

And joy abound! Why not? But now—

To bed: your eyes are sinking in their sockets.

Don I. I would I had a cudgel!—

Greg. Uncle, dear!

Persuade him to retire: he'll burst a vein!

His passion rises with the fumes of wine.

Don I. I tell you what, my loving, hopeful son,

The fool who holds his tongue, shews more good sense

Than one who gabbles to betray himself.

'Tis plain that you've been in the "Calderon's Head:"

The fumes of wine have ta'en your brains away.

Greg. Alack, sir, you were never more at fault

Throughout your life. We've been in church all night.

[*Pointing to the Cathedral.*]

Don I. In church?—that church?—all night!—

Don A. Oh, dear! oh, dear!

He talks too fast—next speech, he'll prove himself

A crocodile, beyond a doubt—he's lost!

[*Aside.*]

Don I. What woman's that you parted with just now?

And kissed her hand devotionally, eh?—

Greg. The sexton's daughter, sir.

Don I. The sexton's daughter!

Greg. Last evening, after vespera, my friends and I
Had wandered through the cloisters, till the doors
Were closed upon us.—We prayed for liberty;
But no saint heard us; consequently we
Ascended to the belfry, at sun rise,
And rang a merry peal. The sexton's daughter
Came quickly: thanks to her for our release—
I kissed her hands devotionally, true,
And vow'd, ere long, to make a belle of her:
What mortal could do less in gratitude?

Don I. Good!—

Silva. Heard you not the bells?

Don I. Can't say I did.

Don A. Oh, yes, I heard the bells—some time ago,
I now remember—faintly rung; yes, yes.

Don I. Right—very faintly. Would his neck were wrung!
[*Aside.*]

Zounds! think ye to persuade me out o' my senses?

Greg. I wish to heav'n we could!

[*Aside.*]

Don A. Now, brother, list,

We've yet no proof your son is not a saint!

Don I. A saint! Oh, yes! a devil of a saint!
We're told that Etna is in Sicily,
That Mount Vesuvius is in Italy,
That Pyramids exist in Egypt;—now,
Because we have not seen them, must we doubt
That such things are?

Don A. Well, well; what then?

Don I. What then?

Shall I discredit all the world, and say,
My son's an angel in a mortal guise,
For this bare reason, that I have not been,
Myself, eye-witness to his villainies?
I'll take him home this day!

Don A. He shall not go!

Don I. What! am I not his father?

Don A. Heaven only knows!

Don I. How, man!

Greg. And Heaven will not tell us.

Don I. Knave!

Am I become the butt of ribaldry?

Don A. He's *my* son by adoption: I am proud
Of his morality—ability.

You made him over—he's no longer yours;
Not all the powers on earth shall move him hence!

Don I. I'll have my way! Let me but see him act

One part unworthy of a steady youth,

The devil himself shall not detain him here. *[Exit in a*

Don A. He's gone in fury—I must after him

And soften down his anger; *you* come home.

Greg. Your faithful dog will follow instantly!

Don A. A sad dog and a mad dog, are you not?

Greg. My best of friends! My uncle!

Don A. Ah, you pup! *[Exit Don Andrea]*

Greg. Once more, adieu! *[To Silva and B]*

Eh? Cielos Santos! can it be?

Fernando, as I breathe! *[Looking off]*

Enter Fernando.

Fer. Gregorio!

Greg. Why, brother—in the name of fruits and flowers,
Green fields and woods, what sprite has tempted you

To visit, unexpectedly, this scene

Of brick, of stone, and mortar?

Fer. Alas!

Greg. A lass?

Oh, ho! a lass! A beauteous lass, no doubt;

Th' excuse is fair and tangible.

Fer. Jest not, pray—

Greg. I will not pray—unless it be, that love
May crown its votary; I have hit the mark:

Fernando is in love, and love—who leads

All nations, kings, and princes by the nose—

Has tempted him, i' th' absence of our sire,

To take Valencia thus by storm. Well, well,

Whate'er your motives are—right welcome now;

I introduce you to my noble friends,

Don Silva and Don Bernard. Take their hands:

Among the Donnas here they stand so high,

That even their acquaintance is a talisman

To win as many hearts as you have hairs.

Fer. I seek but one heart, friends and brother; *that*,

To me, is lost for ever!

Greg. Be she not the Queen

Of Spain, she's yours, ere Sol is Vespertine.

Fer. When in Valencia last, we met—we loved:

My father, as I guess, suspecting this,

Recalled me home; but absence fann'd that fire,

Which fair Camilla's beauty kindled here.

Soon as he started yesterday for town,

I also bade farewell to spade and plough,

And reached Valencia hours before him.

Greg. Good!

You're not the sucking lamb he takes you for.

Fer. I sought the lady's dwelling. Judge o' my grief

And wild despair when, by her heartless guardian,
I was refused admittance to the house.
He told me he had formed a plan
To marry her himself. I could not sleep,
But rose before the day—

Greg. And, wandering here,
Encountered those who have the heart and spirit
To aid your cause. Rouse, man! Rein in your passion;
Young horses want old riders; generalship
Is every thing: be cool, yet firm—and conquer!
The guardian's name; Say.—

Fer. Melchior!

Omnes. Th' usurer!

Greg. The lady I have seen, and know him well;
Valencia cannot boast a deeper rogue
Than this same Melchior. Yet—Gregorio
Will match him, or the sulphurous king
Of realms below must be his secretary!
They say the rascal has composed an ink,—
'Tis called the Devil's Ink.

Silo. I've heard the same.

Greg. With which he'll write you an acknowledgment
Of debt—or pen receipts for cash received:
What then; i' three days this ink evaporates—
Blank paper is your bare security.
If such an ink there be, I'll have it—Jove!
A thousand plans are rushing through my brain!
Say you're content to follow my advice?

Fer. In all things!

Greg. To escape detection, then,
By father or friends, you must disguise yourself;
I here engage you as my valet de chambre:
A livery, and red wig, an awkward gait,
Combined with the assumption of a simpleton,
Will perfect my design.

Omnes. Rare! Excellent!

Greg. If you will have more bones than single folk,
And take a rib, I promise you success.
Say you're determined on captivity,
We'll help you to your fetters—to a wife!
You really wish to be a husband-man?

Fer. Yes! yes!

Silo. You mean it truly?

Fer. Yes! Oh, yes!

It is so comfortable to be wived!

Greg. Mark, brother, wives are easier found than lost;
Plagues come on horseback—go away on foot:
If, after marriage, you repent the deed,
We have no power to take the halter off.

Fer. I care not what men say, or do, or think,
On marriage I am desperately bent!

Greg. You shall be married, then!

Fer. I will be married!

Silva. } Ay, marry, and to-day!

Bern. }
Greg. We'll marry him!

[*Exeunt laughing.*]

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Melchior's House.—A Corridor with staircase, B. H., leading to Camilla's Rooms.—Melchior discovered pouring different liquids into one large bottle, at table, c.*

Mel. Oh, rare discovery! this precious ink!
'Tis worth a hoard of riches,—sign a bond,—
Receipt, acknowledgment of debt, or aught
Incurring liability, in three days' time
The ink evaporates, and all is blank.
Give Nectar to the gods, ambrosial wine
To man—the ink for me, my precious ink! [*Knocking without.*]

[*Mel. conceals some of his bottles in cupboard, L. H.*]

The world is knavery from pole to pole;
Who cheat most plausibly are held most wise.
Shall I then dupe the world, or be its dupe?
The former I prefer; let mortals rail;
To be respected is to make men fear.— [*Knocking again.*]
Let me conceal my treasure from the world.

[*Exit with bottles into closet*]

Enter Camilla on corridor, she descends the stairs, B. H.—Enter Inez hurriedly, L. H., 1st E., meeting her.

Inez. Oh, lady! joyous news! propitious hour!

Cam. For me, or for the world at large?

Inez. For thee

You guess'd aright, the visitor who from
The door unceremoniously was driven,
Last evening, by your guardian—

Cam. Was Fernando?

Inez. In absence of his father, yesterday,
Who sojourns here in town, he left the Grange.
Alack! the pilgrim seeks in vain his shrine.

Cam. How know you this?—

Inez. Old Sinew is my friend ;
He overheard Fernando's interview
With Melchior, and related all to me ;
Nay more, Fernando pass'd the house but now.

Cam. If sooth thy words a golden tire is thine !
Oh, brutal guardian ! thou swine of Circe ;
To turn my gentle Signor from the door !
Dost hope, old man of snow, to wed with me ?
Cold Saturn's ring shall on my finger first.

Enter Sinew, R. H. D., U. E.—Re-enter Melchior, papers in his hand.

Mel. Who knock'd so loudly ?

Sin. May it please you, sir,
A merchant just arrived from Saragossa—
Antonio de Castro.

Mel. Admit him—stay,
Take this acknowledgment to Signor Gaspard ;
This bill to Raphael's, and get it cash'd, [*Gives him papers.*]

Sin. If once detected, we shall both be hang'd ! [*Aside.*]

Mel. What mutter ye ? Can he suspect ? Nay, nay,
The secret's here [*Aside*]. Go, send the merchant up. [*Exit Sin.*]

Cam. I'll tantalize him for his cruelty.

Inez. Nay, be advised ; you'll make him still more strict.

Cam. I'll make the owl distend his eyes yet more,
And then delude him.—Spy, look out—find—speak— [*Exit Inez.*]

Mel. What's all this whispering about, my child ?

Cam. Oh, sir, I had so odd a dream last night !
It quite unnerves me when I think of it.

Mel. Why place your faith in dreams ? Delusions, all.

Cam. Nay, listen.

Mel. Business calls me—

Cam. You shall hear.—

Methought that poor deluded country youth,
Fernando Velasco, who presumed, this year,
To pay me court, last night appeared again,
With hair dishevell'd, and a pallid cheek,
Demanding ingress, and an interview
With her he loved so well.

Mel. Enough of this.

Cam. Hear out the dream. A monster, from the earth,
Arose—a scaly Griffin—face like thine—
And scared the hapless youth away.

Mel. Enough of dreams—

Cam. The monster then proposed to make me wife !
No dreamer could withstand so great a fright,
And longer sleep. I woke me up, and found
Fernando's portrait hanging round my neck !

Mel. His portrait! How came you possess'd of that?
And when?

Cam. 'Twas sent me, last Saint Valentine's day!

Mel. Why wear it, if presumptuous be his love?

Cam. As a remembrance that I should forget him:—
The cure of love is wedlock—this cures me. [*Shewing portrait.*]

Mel. Deceitful one—I'll guard thee [*Aside*]. Hear my will:
That painting to its owner shall go back.

Cam. How long does your command o'er me endure?

Mel. Till you are come of age.

Cam. When shall that day—
That miserable day—to me, arrive,
When we must part?

[*Sarcastically.*]

Mel. 'Tis only known to me—
And that it ne'er may come, my only hope—
Camilla, thou'rt beloved.

Cam. By whom?—

Mel. By me—

Cam. Ah, hah! I see my dream is realized!
You are that horrid monster who opposed
Fernando, and proposed to me! Shame! shame!

Mel. The merchant comes!—Retire, thou foolish one.

[*Goes up stage.*]

Cam. This day I am of age, thou hooting bird
Of night; and please my stars, this day I fly! [*Aside.*]

*Enter Gregorio, disguised, long black garment, grey wig, slouched
hat, a cane in hand, U. E. R.*

Mel. Good morning, Signor—welcome to Valencia!
He comes to borrow money, I suspect. [*Aside.*
Be seated, pray— [*Seats himself at a table.*]

Greg. My brother's lady love!—
She goes—I must detain her—Madam! Hem!
I trust my presence will not stir you hence—
Ah! bless me, Signor Melchior, do I not descry,
In this fair dame, the daughter of Don Sanchez?

Mel. You guess aright, sir: she is now my ward.

Greg. Her sire and I were neighbours once.

Mel. Indeed!

Greg. How like her noble father, rest his soul!
His signature and seal are blazoned here.

[*Thrusting a letter into her hand.*]

Mel. True; now to business, Signor. What's your will?

[*Greg. seats himself with Mel.; they confer together.*]

Cam. How? It is possible this candidate
For th' grave is come, with billet doux in hand,
To win a bride? Improbable; and, yet
'Tis certainly address'd to me;—we'll see:— [*Opens letter, reads.*
"Beloved Camilla," 'Tis Fernando's writing!

Heart, flutter not—"The bearer of these lines,
 "My brother, in disguise,"—It cannot be!
 "Has underta'en to free you from the grasp
 "Of tyranny and avarice, and if
 "The chain which bound our hearts together, still
 "Unbroken be"—

Mel. Why dally here, my child? [*Turns to Greg. again.*]

Cam. It is unbroken, my Fernando: Yes!—

"And you are bent on liberty and love,
 "Three signals—hems, or hahs—will warrant us
 "To bear you off, despite the world and Melchior!"
 Besiege the castle walls, my gallant knight,
 Prepare thy steeds! we'll fly to climes unknown!
 Ah, hem! hem! hem!

Mel. Ah, hem! what means the girl?

Greg. Blink not the subject we confer upon;
 Produce th' evaporating ink, my friend.

Mel. El Cielo mi Valga! Are you mad enough
 To say such composition can exist?

Greg. Is wax or honey found in bee hives, eh?

Mel. Not ere th' industrious bee inhabits there.

Greg. Are roguery and Melchior's name allied?

Mel. How?

Greg. Ev'ry cheat upon the globe is known
 A cheat—why, man, that knave I dub a fool
 Who thinks the world has not discovered him.
 A bad wound may be cured—a bad name kills;
 'Tis only for an angler, like myself,
 To fish you out, and hang you up to dry.
 The ink! the ink! there's gold, sir, in exchange—
 I fain would be a rav'nous shark like you;
 One tiny bottle, or the war trump sounds.
 The ink! th' evaporating ink! come, come!

Mel. Were I possess'd of such, the stars should fall,
 Ere blustering or bribe should sway my will
 To part therewith, but, as 'tis non-existent,
 The stars must fall ere you be gratified.

Greg. The hardest metal may be liquified,
 The firmest resolution shaken—look,
 Here is a bill indited with this ink,
 Your writing.

Mel. Villain! How came you possessed?—

Greg. I cash'd the bill for Sinew on your stairs.

Mel. How knew you he had bills?

Greg. Within his hand.

He held some scrips—I ask'd him what they were;
 He told me—You are now enmesh'd, old fox!
 By witnesses I'll have this paper watch'd
 Until the treacherous writing disappears.

Mel. Nay, say no more, a bottle shall be thine.

[*Mel. goes to the cupboard and takes out a small bottle.*

Oh, would I had a weapon! [*Aside.*] Take the ink—

Yet, stay—the price—the gold—

Greg. Swear first to me,

You give the veritable ink.

Mel. I swear!

Greg. I test it, mark ye, and if once deceived,

The Inquisition—

Mel. Worse than that for thee!

If once betrayed, revenge is at my call,

Though chained and bounden in its lowest cell!

The gold? I give not this in charity.

Greg. The composition first. [*Snatching the bottle.*

Mel. Would'st rob me, knave?

Greg. I go—the gold is thine—the ink is mine!

Mel. And with it may the devil's blessing go!

[*Exit Mel. in rage, D.F.*

Greg. We soon shall meet again, thou slimy leech.

What wonder first art thou designed to work?

[*Holding up ink bottle.*

Th' Alcaide died this morning.—With this ink

I write a letter patent, as if from

King Philip, who I' Valencia sojourns now,

Appointing Melchior to th' Alcaide's place.

Alvaro, the comedian, shall play

King Philip's minister; present the scroll—

Old Melchior then, will strut about the town

Like an inflated turkey-cock, proclaiming

Himself the Mayor; inviting folks to dine—

The ink evaporates, and so his office—

The mayor becomes an ass—the worst of gulls—

He'll join the sea gulls on some barren coast,

And never more be seen in this our town.

What food for sport. Ha! ha! About it quick.

[*Exit Greg.*

Re-enter Melchior, sword in hand.

Mel. I'll kill him, ere he reach the outer door,

And bury him beneath the vaults below;—

It must be so, or I am ruined, lost!

[*Going, R. H.*

Enter Camilla and Mergelina, R. H.

How?—foiled again?—what want ye here? Away!

Cam. Nay, prithee guardian, what's the matter? Why

That sword in hand, you thus besiege the door?

Mel. Retire!

Cam. You pass me not—you surely would not fence

That weak old man who left the house just now?

He tript as nimbly as a cat down stairs,

And vanished: terror winged his heels I trow.

Mel. The knave is gone, and I am at his mercy.

[*Throws sword away.*]

Cam. Why guardian, you, for all the world, look like
A scalded nervous parrot—pray be calm,
And smooth your feathers: what has ruffled them?

Mel. A fond regard for thee forbids my ire;
I prithee leave me for the present—go—

Cam. What, shall a heav'nward, godly man, like thee,
A chapel-going christian, quail beneath
The buffets of the sinful? Cheer thee, sir—
This man has vex'd thy spirit, doubtless,—ah!
We seldom find an honest man like thee.

Mel. She gibe.

Cam. The wicked e'er attack the good—they know
That nought can be expected from the bad;—
Wolves never eat each other;—seldom thief
Will steal from thief;—when pirates fight with pirates
There are but empty casks to be obtained.

Mel. Enough of this.

[*Going.*]

Cam. Stay, dame Jacintha's daughter waits.

Mel. I cannot speak with any one this day.

Cam. You must, dear sir—her quarter's money's due,
And she is sadly low in circumstance;
You're surely charitable;—be but just,
Pray let her not away without her right.

Mel. A moment's pause—my secret is betrayed: }
Fate wars against me; let me war with fate: }
The robb'd shall rob—lost treasure be repaid— }
Good Mergelina, you are well aware }
The remnant of Jamaica property, }
Which was bequeathed you at your father's death, }
Has yearly been diminishing in worth. }

[*Aside.*]

Merg. I know it, sir.

Mel. The profits of th' estate
This year, are swallowed in expenses.

Merg. God!—

Is't thus?—reduced to penury at last!
I care not for myself—my poor old mother—
Oh, say not, sir, that all is gone—

Mel. All, all.

Cam. Nay, nay, the coffee has arrived; ten casks.
The merchant said so—

Mel. Child!—Camilla, dear!
I beg you meddle not with my affairs.—

Repairs and building, felling trees,
And clearing out the land for next year's crop, }
Have made away with all your doubloons— }
All, all. }

[*To Merg.*]

Merg. Nay, nay!

Mel. Ay, maiden ; do you doubt me ? [Angrily.]

Merg. Your words are even harsher than my fate ;
If thus condemned to houseless misery,
The sentence at the least should mildly fall.

Cam. But will you not advance her something ?

Mel. No.—

Merg. The greater portion of our land, you say,
Was mortgaged—you the mortgagee ?

Mel. Still doubting !—

Merg. Pray shew that mortgage— [He is silent.]

Cam. Guardian !—lug it out—

Confound the world, and prove your honesty !

Say, where's the deed ?

Mel. Camilla, dearest love,

By all the hopes that you shall soon be mine ;

I vow, three parts of Dacresfield estate

Were mortgaged by her father, and to me !

Merg. Inform me—wherefore should he mortgage them.

Mel. Wilt know the truth ?—To pay his gambling debts.

Merg. Oh ! this is false as Heaven above is true !

A gambler ! he ?—you desecrate the dead !

Thou spirit of my father, hear this man,

And bear his falsehood to that high tribunal,

Which only renders justice to the poor !

[*Mel. is going, Cam. prevents him.*]

Cam. I tell you what, my guardian ; if you love

Camilla as you say, produce the parchment.

Saint Agnes bless me, it behoves a man,

Whose probity is doubted by the mass,

To clear himself—I hate you heartily.

Mel. Nay, child—another time, another time— [Going.]

Cam. Who scorns the world's opinion let him die—

And yet I would not wish to see you dead—

Mel. You love me, then ?—

Cam. You'd make an ugly corpse !—

Nay, Melchior, give this poor unfortunate

Some means—she cannot live !—come, shake your purse.—

Mel. A doubloon—no more I can afford—

[*Taking out his purse.*]

Merg. Keep that and all—I come not here to beg ;

I plead but for my right—it is denied ;

My prayer is registered above—the eye

Of One,—the Father of the fatherless,—

Is now upon you—you are proof against

The orphan's tears—they melt not hearts of ice ;

But Heaven's frown can break them—fare you well.—

[*Going. Exit Mel.*]

Cam. You shall not hence to weep in lonely ways [*stopping her.*]

Ho, Inez !—

[*Enter Inez, R. on corridor.*]

Gold! [*Exit Inez.*] Shrink *not*, forsaken one;

In me behold a friend—a rich one, too—

Re-enter Inez.—*She comes forward and gives a purse to Cam., who places it in the hands of Merg.*

This old bird thinks I cannot tell my age;

I'm twenty-one this day,—can claim my dower,

The which, he fain would marry—marry, no!

When kites and pigeons mate, he weds with me— [*Knocking.*]

A just reprisal for his villainies

Will overtake him soon—mark that—he comes!

A few more words—and then adieu—this way.

[*Exeunt into the apartment of Cam.*]

[*Enter Melchior.*]

Mel. Oh, I could strike this meddling ward of mine

To earth—a pest upon her forward tongue:

Once let the altar bind us twain—then trait'ress—

[*Enter Sinew.*]

Ah! Scorpion, you have stung me! [*Seising him by the throat.*]

Sinew. Stung you! how?

Mel. Why tender bills of mine to strangers, knave?

Sinew. The stranger merchant snatch'd the bill; would cash it. Hands off!—

Mel. For three pence I would strangle thee!

Sinew. Beware! three words of mine may strangle thee.—

[*Mel. releases him.*]

Mel. My fears are just—the secret's blown. [*Aside.*] What words

Of yours, base menial, can brand Melchior?

Explain, or by the light, this sword— [*Lifting up sword.*]

Sin. Pause, pause,

Good master mine, I mean but this; three words

Of insolence would make thee choke with rage—

Mel. Evasion.

[*Aside*]

Sin. Matters it who has your bills?

The cash is here—what sting exists in gold?

'Tis yours—pray calm yourself—

Mel. I doubt him still—

he cells below shall be his resting place—

[*Aside.*]

Merg. and Cam. with Inez, appear on the corridor.

he money, Sinew? [*Takes it.*] Notice not my wrath—

feel not well to-day.—Who knocked just now?

Sin. Three noblemen are waiting in the hall.

Cam. Fernando's friends!

[*Aside.*]

Mel. Their business?

Sin. Mortgages.

Mel. Conduct them hither.

[*Exit Sinew. Melchior seats himself at table and writes.*]

Merg. Lady, fare you well.

Cam. Stay, Mergelina, you shall witness all;—

Shall be the friend and partner of my flight ;
Shall share my fortune !

Sin. [*Without.*] This way, gentlemen.

[*Sineo ushers in Gregorio, Silva, and Bernard. Exit S*

Mel. Be seated, sirs ; directly I am yours. [*Still wri*

Greg. Mark, what a Saturnine cast of countenance ;

Behold the sunken eye, the high cheek bone,

The bushy eye-brows, and his ferret eyes.

Can you divine, by philosophic rule,

Why such a dried up mummy, (in whose bulk

There's scarcely blood enough to satiate

The animal from whom his eyes were stolen,)

Should toil, fret, fume, and waste the midnight oil,

In making nets to snare his fellow man,

In planning villainies to load his coffers,

Now that his book of life, save chapter *last*,

Has all been read ?

Silva. Had he relations—wife,

Or child, who by his death might be enrich'd,

Some reason for this plodding were assigned.

Greg. If trade or commerce, church, state, charities,

Or aught in life, were benefitted by

His sojourn in this world,—e'en if he spread

A sumptuous table, and enjoyed the feast,

Then all were well ; but no such thing : here, sirs,

The master, the domestics, mice, and rats,

Can boast no greater weight of flesh than bones. [*They l*

But he'll give banquets soon, trust me for that ;

Alvaro waits without ; the forged appointment

Of Melchior to the dead Alcaide's post

In's pouch ; his cue to enter, is our flight

With th' usurer's ward ; my brother's lady love.

Mel. Camilla's signature affix'd to this,

She's mine, if not, her wealth is ; greater boon.

[*Aside, holding up a p*

Greg. Mark ye the curling of his nether lip ;

He's hatching some new mischief, take my word.

Mel. Would these aristocrats were hence just now,

That I might lure this coy one to the snare—

Or make her sign the document by force.

What if I sound her now ? let business lag,

My soul's wound up for triumph or defeat !

[*Crossing to Cam.'s :*

Greg. Hold, Mammon !—*your directly* is an age :

We come on business, not to suck our thumbs

Until your excellenza deigns to speak ;

Erect not thus your comb, nor shake your wattles,

Nor crow, thou bird of Mars, ill dignified ;

Iberia's nobles bow not to canaille.

The sunlit surface of the dancing sea
Is perfectly regardless of the depths.

Mel. And pray, my airling, what supports the surface?
May not the murky depths, by change of tide,
Ride over the derided? Come ye here
To beg or grant a favour? If to beg,
I send ye trooping, bootless, from my house.
And as for benefits—

Greg. Sir, benefit yourself.

Mel. I grant no favours; seek none; least of all,
From such as you. Away, ye gad flies!

Omnes. How?—

Mel. Ho! Sinew,

Enter Sinew.

Hail me some few Alguazils. [*Aside to him.* *Exit Sinew.*
A something whispers there is danger nigh.

Silva. He sends for Alguazils.

Greg. Dispatch, then. [*Aside.*] List! [*To Mel.*

Old trout; I wear a good Toledo blade:

But, like th' all-conquering Pelagio,

I use my tongue before I draw my sword—

Plutus! in your dominion is a hoard

Of heav'n wrought clay, in mould celestial cast.

Silva. Yet not so mouldy as king Melchior. [*Bern. laughs.*

Greg. Nor clay of his complexion—yellow marl! [*To Mel.*

Mel. Hence! quit my sight! I too, can wield a sword,
Protect my house, and chattles, so beware!

Greg. Camilla is the treasure sought; your ward!

Bern. Of all that is terrene, we ne'er beheld
An impress more in heav'n's resemblance!

Mel. Bah!

Greg. Nay, bark not Cerberus, or I make you howl
So hideously, that all the wondering fiends
In Tartarus shall sally forth to hear.

Is't fit that one of Adam's fairest daughters

Should link with such a shrunk automaton?

Silva. Camilla wife to Melchior!

[*Laughing.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Greg. Preposterous!

Mel. Would the Alguazils were here!

[*Aside.*

Greg. Imagine Melchior, prostrate at her feet,

Ejaculating vows of endless love,

His lantern jaws bedeck'd with wanton smiles!

Smiles, cheering as the sun in Capricorn!—

And sighing like a blacksmith's bellows!

Silva.

Bern. } Oh!

Greg.—This reckless lump of shrivelled innocence!—

A plague upon his youthful blood, 'twill mount!

The sad young dog! see, how he frisks about!

Mel. I tell you what, my firebrands; quit these walls,
Or look to quench your spirits in a dungeon,
The officers of justice are at hand,
So look to it. [*Cam. comes forward, Merg. remains above.*]

Silva. She comes!

Greg. No time to waste—

Cam. Why, guardian, what's amiss?

Mel. You here? retire!

Cam. The matter?

Mel. Bedlam doors are broken in;

Its inmates are abroad, here, everywhere!

Begone, I tell thee.

Greg. Take him at his word,

Sweet lady; flee the prison.

[*Putting her across.*]

Mel. What!

Greg. Draw, friends!

What, ho! my Valet de chambre! Pompey! Pompey!

[*Enter Fernando, disguised.*]

Fer. Here master, here am I.

Cam. Fernando's voice! 'tis he!

Greg. Is th' marriage feast prepared?

Fer. Yes, master, yes!

Greg. And tell me, is the Priest in readiness?

Fer. All ready, master!

Greg. Hie thee lady, then,

And wed the knight who loves you, whom you love!

Cam. Dear Guardian, must I leave you—

[*Placing her hand in Pompey's*

Mel. Madmen!—

[*Rushing towards her.*]

Omnes. Back! [*Driving him back with their swords.*]

Cam. Come, Mergelina! Inez! follow me!

[*Ereunt Cam. Fer. and Inez.*]

Merg. It is Gregorio! and I am lost!

[*Aside.*]

Mel. S'death! would you rob me of my ward, my child?

Greg. Nay, rather say, your victim, had the wheel

Of jilting Fortune whirled for knaves alone:

The lattice open, birds untamed will flee;—

The lady's franchised with her own accord,

Nor dare to track her!

Mel. Villains! hear you that?

Th' approaching officers of justice. Ha!

Greg. Retreat then, in that closet;—friends, your aid!

Reply not!

[*To Mel.*]

Silva. }
Bern. } We insist!

Mel. Fiends!

Omnes. In, I say!

[*Mel. is driven into closet. Greg. bolts the door.*]

Greg. This casement looks upon the rear, the garden,

The green sward lies beneath; let supple limbs
 Befriend us;—follow me—once through the garden gate,
 The river side is gain'd—we cross in boats,
 Then seek our rendezvous, the "Calderon's Head!"

[*They all leap out of casement.—Mergelina comes forward.*

Merg. In love betrayed;—in circumstance destroyed!

An hour ago, Oh, false Gregorio!

You uttered vows of lasting faith to me:

The nuptial feast is now prepared, the priest

In waiting, to unite thee with another!—

An hour ago, Oh! adverse Destiny!

I held myself secure in competence;

I'm now a beggar! Ah! my poor old mother!

How shall I break this last mishap to thee?

How tell thee that 'fore long, thine aged head—

Thy silver hairs—are houseless! shelterless?

Yet stay;—this gold—this gold will save her—No,

It may not be—I cannot, must not, owe

A debt of gratitude to rival hands—

To her the gold returns.—The Alguazils!

[*Conceals herself behind door.*

Enter Sinew, with six Alguazils. Exit Merg. unperceived.

Sinew. All gone!—too late! too late! ho! master, master!

Mel. [*Within.*] Unbolt the door!

Sinew. Eh!—what door?

Mel. Here, sluggard, here!

[*Knocking. Sinew unbolts closet door.*

Re-enter Melchior.

Vile tortoise! thy arrival is abortive! hence!

When patients die, physicians come too late!

Yet justice may be mine.—Sir officer,

I've been abused, maltreated, worse than dog,

By ruffians—three—to me unknown—yea worse:

My ward, the hope, the comfort of my life,

Is taken from me, forced away from home,

And her protector! Course them, search them out,

Reward shall wait upon your services!

[*Grand flourish of drums and trumpets without.*

Alvaro. } [*without*] Ho! Melchior! Ho!

Triola. }

[*Sinew runs to window, R. H.*

Mel. What work is now to do?

Sinew. Defend us, master, what is this I see?

Officials, in the livery of the king,

Surround our house!—The Ink! [*Aside. Exit at door, R.*

Mel. The Ink! Undone! [*Aside. Another flourish, louder.*

*Sinew ushers in Alvaro, Triola, and others in the king's
 livery.—Alvaro disguised as Minister of State.*

Alvaro. Hail, noble Melchior! Fortune's favoured so:
Thou, surely, in the laps of Jupiter
And Venus, the beneficent, wert nursed!
The golden shower is upon thee, hail!
Alcayde, Mayor of Valencia!

Omnes. Hail!

Mel. Can this be true?

Alvaro. Th' Alcayde, Oloroso,
This morning left us for the world of shades:
King Philip knowing this, (and having heard
Of far-famed Melchior's wisdom,—honesty,—
And more particularly,—affluence,—)
Deputes his humble servant,—minister of state,
And Duke o' Medina Cœli, to present
Thee this appointment—written, sign'd, and seal'd
By th' king himself.—Accept it, noble sir!

[*Mel. kneels and takes the*
We now depart—when Oloroso is entomb'd,
The town authorities assemble straight,
And, as the olden customs warrantise,
Give them a banquet, and proclaim thyself
Th' Alcayde Mayor, by the king's command! [*Flc*

[*Exeunt Alvaro, Friola, and their*
Mel. No dream.—Reality!—both signed and seal'd!
Ambition's ladder, I have topp'd thee now!
My ravin'd appetite for pow'r, for rule,
Is glutted.—Now the murky waters rise,
From depths obscure, to glaring pomp of day,
And raging lash the proud, the soaring clouds!
Mine enemies are fast within my gripe!—
Speed, minions—track them; some go east—some west.
Let others follow me! Revenge! Revenge!

[*Exeunt all, n.*

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*The exterior of "Calderon's Head," as in Sc*
Act 1.

Enter Sineu.

Sin. How useless wandering about like this:
I've been to all the churches in Valencia;
Their doors are closed—no nuptials going on:
My master's ward will marry privately;

Of course she will—no fool : I told him so—
Oh dear ! Oh dear ! A sad day's work !—Who comes ?

Enter the Curate of St. Jerom. from tavern, L., and exit R., after putting up his prayer book, taking a pinch of snuff, &c., &c.

A priest—with book in hand—that tells a tale ;
There's death or matrimony here !—More guests !—

[Retires up. A laugh within.]

Enter Pedro and Blazo from tavern, laughing and inebriated.

Pedro. Of all adventures, did you ever hear
Of one like this ?—Our master is a lion !—
To take a woman from her guardian's house,
Against his will—Ha ! ha !—in open day,
And have her married, all within an hour !—

Blazo. To rob a thief like Melchior, too—Ha ! ha !—

Ped. An usurer ! Ha ! ha ! who prides himself
So highly on his cunning ! Good success
T' our master Don Gregorio Velasco !

Sin. Gregorio Velasco ! quite enough !
I go and seek my master instantly ! *[Aside & Exit R.U.E.]*

Ped. Hold, what's our business now ?—dence take the wine !
It mounts aloft in no time :—let me see ;—
What were we talking of ?—

Bla. Our orders, Pedro.

Ped. Ay, ay, that we should keep a good look out
Lest th' old Velascos, by surprise, should pounce
Upon the Young Velascos—my commission
Is, straight to hurry home, and should I find
The old Dons there, inform them with a face
Of bold assurance, that Gregorio,
Our younger master, is not here.

Bla. These lies—
Now Pedro, why should we as honest servants,
Deceive the old in favour of the young ?

Ped. You barber's block, to whom a judge's wig,
Or sage's periwig can give no sense,
Hast yet to learn that money is the master
That rules us all—serve those who pay you best ?
Piasters burn the pockets of the young ;
Get lacker'd in the purses of the old :
Young hands are in and out of pockets ever—
The Governor appears—Don Ivan, too—

Bla. The dence they do !

Ped. In quickly—tell Gregorio !—

[Pushing Blazo into "Calderon's Head."]

Enter Don Andrea and Don Ivan L., 1st R.

Don I. The scapegrace promised to come home at once :
You told me so : well, has he kept his word ?

Don A. Why, bless my soul! a thousand things occur
To keep a man of fashion out of doors.

Don I. A man of fashion? plague your modish man!
Who made him one? you, brother—you're to blame!
He's in this tavern now—carousing—safe!
I would my country son were here just now!
A pattern for my town son—ev'ry town son!
An excellent, discreet, wise, virtuous, son!
One bred in proper style.

Don A. Knows every country style,
And has an awkward gait.

Don I. Knows all the lore
Of husbandry—utility to man!
An excellent judge of grain—leguminous plants;
A botanist;—can handle bullocks,—sheep;—
Lay fallow, rake, plough, harrow!—

Don A. Work for beasts!
Are these acquirements for a noble youth?
You'd cultivate men's brains with pick-axe, would you?
No doubt but he can cram a turkey cock,
Feed chickens, milk a donkey or a goat,
Snare game, kill pigs, and shave his pigs when kill'd;
Dig, delve, sow, reap, clean kennels out, or stys!

Don I. What can my noble town son do, come, say?

Don A. I've given him education that becomes
His high position in society—
Greek, Latin, French, Italian!—versed he is
In mathematics, natural philosophy;
Well read in history, law, and politics.—
Can chant the lays of Italy and Spain.—

Don I. Will chanting make December ducks lay eggs?—

Don A. He's been abroad!

Don I. He's all abroad, we know.

Don A. Has travelled over all the Continent.

Don I. Has been incontinent enough, Heaven knows!

Don A. Can box the compass.

Don I. Yes, and fight a round.

Don A. He knows the use o' the globes.—

Don I. And how to kick
His heels at balls by starlight.

Don A. He has hit upon
The longitude.

Don I. And takes amazing latitude!
Can play the lyre—guitar—and serenade,
With tuneful voice a lady bright and fair—
Pick up th' adored one's fan—and bow and scrape—
Can wheedle—flatter—fence—and dance fan-dangos— [*Dancin*
Are these accomplishments? I hate them all!

Re-enter Pedro from tavern—he pretends not to see Don A. and Don I.

Ped. High, low, Gregorio's no where to be seen.—
I have him now! Fool! not to guess before:—
He's gone his daily rounds among the poor,
P' th' suburbs, giving charity—

Aside.

Don I. Eh, what?

Aside.

Ped. And reading prayers for beggars, pious youth!

Aside.

Don I. Is't possible he's so inclined?

[To Don A.]

Don A. Too true!

Ped. I'll go and seek him.

[Going.]

Don A. Pedro! hither boy.

Ped. My master! bless my soul!

[Pretending surprise.]

Don A. Seek not my nephew—

Good works should be encouraged—

Ped. Ah, dear sir,

He is the best among mankind—bless'd youth!

He sets a hundred jaws to work each day!

Don I. Jaws, sir! be circumspect, and rest your jaws.

Ped. Your pardon, noble signor, I must praise him:

Your son is quite an alms-house in himself;

His hinder pockets like a grocer's shop,

With parcels cramm'd, to benefit the poor!

Tea, sugar, butter—

Don I. Butter! what a lie!

Ped. I mean—soap—eggs, starch, candles, blue, conserves,—

Don I. No more I listen—I discredit all!

Don A. Nay brother, hear him out—do—

Don I. Pshaw!—Go home!

[To Pedro.]

Yet stay—turn round; stand fair before me—look!—

The fellow's drunk!

Don A. Drunk?

Ped. I drunk—drunk, sir?

You surely jest.—Ah! there he goes! your son!

Don I. Where?

Ped. Turn'd the corner—gone!—I'll catch him soon:

Ho! San Gregorio! San Gregorio! Wehu! *[Exit running, R.]*

Don I. He calls my son a saint; what sacrilege!

Don A. Confound the eggs and butter; they spoil'd all *[Aside.]*

Enter Blazo cautiously from the tavern, and is sneaking off.

Don I. Ah! Fox! *[Seizing Blazo.]* Say what brings you here?

Don A. Blazo here?

Bla. I came with Pedro, sir, to track your son.

Don I. We bade you seek him one way, him another!

Bla. We started different ways—but, strange to say,—

[Hiccoughs.]

We met again—as luck would have it,—here—

Don I. Zounds, brother, he's inebriated too !
You both came here to dose yourselves with wine !

Bla. Gregorio's new valet de chambre, sir—

Don A. New valet ! has he hired one ?

Bla. Gave us wine ;
Would make us drink potations deep,
For joy that he had found so good a master.

Don I. How dare he servants hire without my leave ?

Don A. A hundred lacques, if he will ; I pay.

Don I. You'll ruin him ! What wants he with a valet ?

Bla. T' assist him, sir, in giving out the alms
To needy people in the suburbs.

Don A. There !

You're now convinced, I hope.

Bla. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Don I. Hear that ! he's laughing at his own black lies !

Bla. Nay, nay, Don Ivan, I am laughing at
Th' outlandish gait of this new serving man ;—
Red hair, red nose,—a squint—his toes turned in—
And such a fool that one might swear he came
Straight from the country—

Don I. From th' country, knave !
Are there no town fools ?—You take that !— [*Canes him.*]

Bla. Oh ! murder ! [*Runs off, R. U. E.—Old men are up stage.*]

Enter Mergelina, 1st E. R. H.

Merg. From words he spoke, I know that she is here—
His place of rendezvous—perchance ev'n now,
Gregorio, you are bounden to Camilla
In bonds, which, like an adamant chain,
Alone, by dissolution may be broken.—
I chide her not—she knows not of my love—
Nor shall I censure him : presumptuous hope,
Which to his station led me to aspire,
Is justly crush'd—nay, more ; he loves me not,
Or wherefore should he play so wild a part—
And such an union, lacking mutual faith,
Were worse than severance, although the heart
As mine does now—must feel its desolation !—
One act is mine to do—return her gold—
Then quickly hie me homeward.—Oh, sad home !

[*Enters tavern.*]

Don I. It is the Sexton's daughter ! yes, the wench
Whose hand he kiss'd this morn religiously.
D' ye think she heard the church bells ring ?
Pray are you now convinced your saint is here ?

Don A. Here, say you ? In then, brother ; end your doubts.

[*They are going.*]

Mel. [*Without.*] Speed—this way, officers—secure the man.

Enter Melchior, Sinew, and Alguazils, &c.

Located in the "Calderon's Head," you'll find
Gregorio Velasco!

Sinew. That's the name!

Don I. Hah!—Hold, sir,—say, your business with my son?

Mel. Your son?—Don Ivan de Velasco, as I breathe!

Sir, have we not been school'd together?

Don I. } Melchior!

Don A. }

Mel. The same—and is it possible, this wild,
This rakehell youth, Gregorio, is yours?

Have you instructed him to break down doors?

Assisted by his vile associates,

Abuse and rob the peaceful citizens?

He took my treasure, all that in this world

Could render happiness—my child—my ward!

Don I. How! force her from your house?

Mel. Within this hour.

Don I. My head spins round!—

Mel. But learn, that I have power
To crush this arrogant presuming boy:

Behold, in me, th' Alcayde of Valencia,

And by the king's appointment!

Don A. Bless my soul!—

Pray, be not hard upon the foolish youth;

If thousands can repair the loss, they're yours!

[Goes up stage with Mel.]

Don I. *[Aside.]* Ay, ay, he patches up all sores with gold.—
The usurer's heart is softened.—Oh! this world!

Don A. Discharge these alguazils—we'll quietly

Investigate the matter: be assured

That justice and requital shall be yours.

To Mel.

Mel. Home, Sinew, home—dismiss the alguazils.

[Exit Sin. & alguazils.]

Don A. We'll in and watch the parties secretly—

Mel. From some secluded chamber—follow me!

[Exit Mel. into tavern.]

Don I. This comes of education, brother—Eh?

A rare, a hopeful son! Here's Latin, Greek,

French, mathematics, and the use of globes!

Don A. I don't believe him guilty!

Don I. In, for proof!—

[Exeunt into tavern.]

SCENE II.—*The principal room in the "Calderon's Head."*—*A gallery for musicians, L. H.—Fernando, Silva, Bernard, Alvaro, Friola, other Gentlemen, Camilla, and Bridesmaids at a table in back ground, C., which is laid out with viands, &c., &c.—Servants in waiting.—Musicians play.*

Silva. [*Rising.*] The health o' the bride! Fill high, Valencian bloods!

May halcyon years of honey moons be thine,
Sweet bride of Don Fernando Velasco! Quaff! [*They drink.*]

Enter Gregorio in haste.

Greg. A truce to revelry; we are betrayed—
The foe is in the field—our trenches cross'd!
Convey the festal board to th' ante-room;
There (doors and lips lock'd up) we'll raise the siege:
Now, dally not, my friends; retreat at once!

[*All retire save Gregorio, Fernando, Camilla, and maids.—Domestics convey table into ante-room. L. H. U. E.*]

Musicians, for your silver sounds, there's gold!

[*Throwing a purse into gallery—Musicians retire.—Exit Greg.*]

Cam. For my part, Don Fernando, I am glad
To quit the festive strife—my nerves are braced
As valiantly as any Spanish dame;
Yet, I confess, the wondrous events
Of this auspicious day—like lovers lay
Upon the mandolin, put every nerve
In vibratory motion.

Fer. Lady love,
My nerves have no such gentle play as yours.
This heart keeps knocking at the desperate rate
Of ninety to the minute since our nuptials!

Cam. Hush, husband!—Bless me! what a phrase—my husband! [*Aside.*]

Fer. In truth, it knocks so—I begin to fear
The safety of my ribs—an extra rib
Can only fortify me—you, my peerless wife!
Ah, me! that liquid honied sound—my wife!
Camilla, I'm on desperation's verge—

Cam. You're certainly beside yourself just now—
Much better you remain beside yourself
Than me, while raving thus.—Come, ladies, come. [*Going.*]

Re-enter Gregorio.

Greg. Our landlord is an arrant knave! To-day
He vow'd no stranger should be entertained
While we were guests: now, closeted with him,
You'll find our foemen—father, uncle, Melchior!

Cam. There let them brood all mischief in their power;
Of twenty years and one, and wide domains,

I am the owner—I own a husband too—

That awful phrase—a husband—stays my breath!

Fer. And stops thy honeysuckle mouth—

[*Kisses her.*

Cam. No—no!—

[*Getting away.*

What wild unmanageable animals

Our new made bridegrooms are!

Fer. Camilla!—

[*Approaching her.*

Cam. I fly!—

[*Exeunt Cam. and Maids into Room L. H.*

Greg. Good brother, say, is this a time to toy?

While on the brink of disharison—

Here is a scroll, 'twill bribe the usurer

Should I encounter him before our sire,

To state that I am not the truant youth

Who robb'd his nest while out a birding—

Fer. So—

Greg. This writing will consign to him the whole

Of your wife's property—

Fer. The deuce it will!

Greg. Conditionate—that we are not betrayed—

'Tis written with th' evaporating Ink!—

Fer. Ah, ha!

Greg. No danger—Go, disguise yourself again

And join me presently in yonder room. [*Exeunt different ways.*

Enter Inez followed by Mergelina.

Inez. Gone!—with her tiring maids mayhap—stay here.—

[*Enters Cam's apartment.*

Merg. Conceal me, Heaven, from Gregorio!

I would not now encounter him for worlds!

Enter Camilla, followed by Inez.

Cam. Our Mergelina!—welcome here at last:

Why loiter at my guardian's house?—didst think

To change his nature?—never mind, poor wench;

I give you welcome joyous as my heart!

This coldness?—

Merg. For your proffer'd friendship, thanks;

Thanks also for this generous donation:—

A fervent friend and bounteous hand are rare—

They should be prized above most earthly boons:

To both I owe, and offer gratitude—

Yet both, alas! in sorrow must resign:

Thy gold, dear lady. [*Returns it.*] Bless thee, fare thee well!—

[*Going.*

Cam. Stay—why is this?

Merg. Interrogate me not.—

Cam. Pride! pride!

Merg. Nay—I entreat you test me not!—

Cam. If gratitude you bear me, quell my doubts,

Or is it, madam, thus that you despise
The donor for the strange unseemly course
She took to free herself from tyranny?

Merg. Not so—'tis gratitude that bars my speech;
I would not make you wretched as myself!

Cam. Me wretched?—I defy the evil star
That hopes to be reflected in my tears!
The day is bless'd by Love, and nought on earth
But falsity in Love, or 'till Love goes
On crutches, can have power to cause a sigh.

Merg. May he be true to thee as false to me! [L

Cam. Stay, woman—false to you!—who?—name the w
My husband!!!—silent—

Merg. Lady, fare you well—

Cam. It is so—pardon stars, that I have braved ye!
Unwelcome prattler, you have quenched the Sun!
The light of love and happiness is out.

What! false? So, so, my spouse! but here he comes.

Merg. Oh! let me see him not!

Cam. Retire then, there—

[*Inez conducts Merg. into Cam's*

Enter Fernando in his former disguise—a Valet.

Fer. Come, if my sire discovers who I am
In this attire, he'll be as wise as those
Who really know their sons—Camilla here?

Cam. Aloof! I know you not!

Fer. Oh rare disguise!

Cam. Disguiser, learn that you have lost your wife!

Full many would rejoice at such a loss.
It may or may not break your treacherous heart.
I hope it may! but bend your mind to this;
If any mind you have, your wife is lost!

Fer. I surely dream!

Cam. You dream to think me dupe—
What! dupe to country sapling—here's a tree,
Forsooth, to take a shelter underneath!
Let such be hewn down, root and branch! Go, dig
I' th' earth for hearts, mine is no longer yours.

Fer. Camilla!

Cam. Do you think that women's hearts
Are toys which men may play with for amusement,
Or cast away, or break at pleasure?

Fer. No!

Cam. If so—your second childhood has arrived.
Now hear your doom; divorce from me!

Fer. Divorce!

Cam. To Mergelina speedy marriage! Go!

Fer. Who's Mergelina, in the name of fate?

Cam. Your destined wife!

Fer. My wife?

Cam. See me no more! [*Exit L. shutting door in his face.*]

Fer. Disguiser—duped?—my wife!—I dream—divorce!—

Re-marry—Mergelina—this is madness!

Or I'm a dupe—Oh 'twill not do! What ho?

I'm in default, Gregorio! Gregorio! [*Enters Greg's Room.*]

Enter a Servant cautiously, R. H. 1st M.

Serv. The coast is clear, good:—this way gentlemen.

Enter Don Andrea and Don Ivan—Melchior following.

I' th' orchestra you may conceal yourselves,

And see all going forward here below.

Don I. Lead on; dont talk!

Serv. Lord! what a growler!

Don I. Quick!

[*Servant crosses to L., and leads them through Door L., 3rd M.—Melchior remains on the Stage.*]

Enter Greg. and Fer. in haste.

Greg. What say you, Mergelina?—Hush! look—Melchior!

Mel. That she is married is in my belief—

Of age and mistress of her fortune too—

But then—that I am pow'rful,—high in office,—

Is also true, and if to gain revenge

I turn not my vocation to account—

Greg. So do—

[*Shewing scroll.*]

Mel. Thou Hell-rake, do I hold thee?

[*Seizing him.*]

Greg. See—

Possess yourself of this—this document—

The golden blood that Usury would shed

Shall flow, in rivers, at your feet: but swear

To free me from th' impeachment of abduction

In presence of my father, uncle, all,

And sequently Camilla's wealth is yours!

Mel. That scroll makes over her estates to me?

Greg. As sure as I and she be man and wife!

Mel. If so,—an oath shall bear you blameless!

Greg. Read—

[*Gives Mel. the scroll—Mel. exits at Door L., reading it.*]

Don A. and Don I. with Servant appear in the Orchestra above.

True axiom—the greater rogue the greater fool

He nibbles,—bites,—the barb is through his gills!—

Who comes?—

Enter Mergelina, followed by Camilla.

Heav'n! Mergelina!

Don I. They are going.

Let's down upon them quickly. [*Exeunt Don I. Don A. and Ser.*]

Merg. False one, hence!

Oh, never let me hear or see thee more.

Greg. Say wherefore, heart's delight.

Merg. Detain me not!— [*He pret*

Fer. Ah! think me not deceitful!

Cam. Buzzard, yes!

Deceitful as your wig, or as the wind

Saluting every flower and shrub it meets!

Go, mallard, home, and court a wild duck mate,

I'm for a city fowl—

Fer. Oh! hear me swear!—

[*Falling on his knees, and*

Greg. Dear Mergellina, on my knees I vow

A lasting truth and fealty to thee— [*Kn*

Enter Don I., Don A., Mel., and Servant fro

Don I. He's kneeling to the sexton's daughter

Don A. And see his valet bending to the heir

Don I. There's something in the air, as sure a

To make men mad! Rise bedlamite! [*To Greg.*

Merg. Oh, heaven! [*E*

Mel. Slave! know your station!—

[*Striking Fer., who*

Ward!—

Cam. Good evening, sir. [*Exit into i*

Don A. A crown— find out where yonder mai

[*Gives servant a crown and points after Merg. Ex*

I'll fathom all this mystery right soon.

Don I. Now, Melchior, speak,—here is my el

Gregorio Velasco—to his face

Accuse him, if he be the guilty one!—

[*Mel. looks over scroll again—he ti*

Mel. I see not now that he is the unworthy o

[*Pe*

Don A. Joy! joy! good dutiful nephew! }

Greg. Oh, my uncle!— }

Mel. A good name dearly bought :—her wealth i

And if I presently secure her person ;—

Confine her in some lone sequester'd spot,

A goodly ransom may be tender'd me

To yield her up—Alcayde of Valencia!

Display thy power! Who'll dare dispute with t

Awhile farewell my friends—we meet anon.

Don I. But sir, what business have you here :

Why kneel before that beggar girl just gone?

Greg. 'Twas she released me from the church

The present which I sent her she returns.—

I begg'd her, on my knees, in gratitude,

Retain the gift—entreaty failed.

Don A. Good girl!

Don I. My doubts increase—is this your valet

Greg. Yes.

Don I. Who recommended him?

Greg. My brother.

Don I. Hah!—

[*Aside.*

Greg. For fun and frolic, now will I disguise.

[*Aside; and exit into little room, R. U. N.*

Don I. Some peasant from the farm. [*Aside.*] Come up to day?

[*To Fer.*

Fer. This day.

Don I. Your name?

Fer. My name is Pompey, sir.

Don A. Ha! Pompey! What a lout with Pompey's name

[*Laughing!*

Don I. Come, tell me true; what brought you on your knees
Before the lady here?

Fer. Lawk, Sir, 'twas love!

I took her for the cook;—and I have heard
That city cooks make savoury soup.—Oh love!

Don I. Was young Velasco on his father's farm
When last ye saw him?

Fer. Yea.

Don A. This morning, eh?

Fer. Yea, precious youth, behind his father's plough.

Don I. There is a son.—A letter has been sent
This morning though, inviting him to town.

Fer. The deuce it has!—adieu disguise then, soon. [*Aside.*

Don I. I'll shew you, sir, the difference between
A sober country youth and town bred rake.

Fer. Fernando, sirs, is praised by every one!

Don I. Of course, and well beloved by every one!

Fer. I love him dearly as I love myself.

Don I. Good boy!

Don A. Great calf!

Fer. He works all day!

Don I. As if for hire.

Fer. His father's name is ever in his mouth.

Don I. There, brother! do you hear?

Fer. He worships him!

Don I. He does, he does! Oh! I could cry for joy!

[*Weeps.*

Re-enter Gregorio in his merchant's disguise.

Don A. And I could laugh till tears rush'd through my eyes,
At such a fool! Zounds! Where's Gregorio? Fled?

Greg. Gregorio Velasco? [*Coming forward.*

Don A. Yea; who are you?

Greg. A merchant, sir, from Saragossa, and
Gregorio's friend. He left the house just now,

To take his daily rounds among the poor.

Don A. Now who is best, our town or country breed?
[To *Don I.*

Greg. The brother, in the country, I have heard,
Is made a slave!

Don I. A slave; what mean you, sir?

Greg. Slave to a tyrant father.

Fer. True, true!

Don I. What!

D' ye know the father, either of you?

Greg. } Heav'n forbid!

Fer. }

Don I. Old gentleman and scullion, learn from me
That I'm Don Ivan's friend.

Greg. Then learn from me,

If such be true, you are his only friend.

Fer. His son can scarcely write, and when he does,
His O's are shaped like cucumbers;

Don A. Good! [*Aside.*] Well?

Fer. His P's like kidney beans; his Q's like turnips;
And such mistakes he'll make, that one may find
A caret stuck 'tween every second word.

Don I. A lie! you block for carrotty hair! a lie!

Can you spell, write, or cipher? answer that!

Fer. Yea, I can sigh for pretty lasses.

Don I. Idiot!

Don A. Rare fool!

Don I. You're nothing but a link!

Fer. What's that?

Don I. A link between the monkey and the man!

Fer. Between you, sir, and this good gentleman!
[Getting between him and *Don A.*

Greg. This old penurious farmer's son, walks out
Each day without a penny in his purse:

He knows and sees no change, save change of weather.

Don I. He'll soon be here to controvert all this.

Fer. Th' old runt has some good points about him tho'.

Don A. Name them.

Fer. A good flat foot for levelling gravel walks.

Greg. A good close fist when poverty comes nigh.

Don A. How, is he not benevolent?

Greg. Yes, to himself.

Don A. Fixed principles though; a man of purpose strong!

Fer. Oh yes, he'd go below to have his way.

Greg. Then let him have his way by all means.

Don A. Ha!

Fer. They say he dresses well, and dyes his hair. [Laughing-

Greg. Some wicked neighbours hope he'll die himself.
He's too good for this world. Heav'n snatch him hence!

Fer. All mortals were imperfect born, save him!
Of wonderfully noted geniuses,
He'll be the last o' th' race!

Greg. I hope he will!
The gods intend to puff him up, sky high,
And make a constellation of the man!

Fer. What consolation to his relatives!

Greg. Ay, when the sun shines,—when he's out of sight—
They'll place him in the scorpion's heart—

Fer. Of course they will.

Don I. Oh, torture!

Greg. His watch regulates the Sun!

Fer. The Sun wont set until he sets his time piece.

Greg. The luminaries rise and fall behind his haystacks!

Don A. On earth he has no fellow!

Greg. } Heav'n be praised!
Fer. }

Don I. Too bad! How dare you sland'rer thus impugn
Your master's father? [*To Fer.*] I am in the mood
To beat this grey beard here, and you to pulp!
And you—to join the rascals—Andrea!

Melchior. [*Without.*] Despatch! Th' Alcayde Mayor commands!

Don A. The Alguazils again!

Greg. By Melchior-led!—

Fer. They'll force my wife away!

Greg. Nay, trust me.

[*To Greg.*
Goes into Ante-room.]

Enter Melchior and Alguazils.

Mel. In yonder room you'll find her; drag her forth!

Fer. Nay, by my master's friend, whose wife she is,
I vow that none shall cross this door unhurt!

Don A. Brave Pompey! by the rood, I take your part!

Mel. Beware the law, sir!

Don A. Out upon the law

That lays the hand of rude barbarity,
Upon the gentler sex! a woman; fie!

You fit to be Alcayde of Valencia!—

King Philip must be crack'd to make you so.

Mel. Advance, men! thrust opposers hence—to work!

Enter Greg., Silva, Bern., and many others from ante-room.

Greg. Back, knaves! Come forward, friends.

Mel. The merchant! Saints!— [*On seeing Gregorio.*]

Greg. What villainous intruder damps our mirth?

Friends, shall the bride of our most noble host,

Don Furio Hellfrio Diavolo,

Be baited like an animal of prey?

[*They draw.*]

Hold! Art not thou old canker-purse, who lives
Upon the dire necessities of men?
Whose promises are broken in the mind,
Ere utter'd by the tongue?—Whose—

Mel. Foul mouth, cease,
Or dread my power!

Greg. Although my mouth be foul,
No terror stricken chicken, sir, am I!
I laugh your pow'r to scorn! You'll weep at mine,
What say you to a rope, Alcayde Mayor?
Behold the warrant to close thy tuneless pipe!

*Aside
to him.*

[Shewing him the discounted bill.]
The writing fades!—the witnesses are here!
Hence, knave, or instant death o'ertakes you!—Hence!

[Exit Melchior in confusion.]

Don I. Stay, Alguazils! 'tis said a son of mine
Has forced the ward of Melchior, from her home;
There may be truth in this—we'll test it now:
Who claims the maiden, soon will shew his front;
For hence she goes this instant! Officers,
Don Ivan Velasco leads you!

[Approaching door, L, followed by Alguazils.]

Greg. Out, bright swords!

[All draw and rush between door and Don Ivan.]

Don A. I go!

[Exit quickly.]

Greg. Come, drive the locusts hence! Upon them, friends!
*[Don Ivan and Alguazils are terrified, and scamper about
the stage. Greg., Fer., &c. beat them with the flats of
their swords, and drive them out.]*

Omnes. Huzza!

[Curtain falls.]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in Don Andrea's mansion.*

Enter Don Andrea and Pedro.

Don A. You rascal! I've a mind to cudgel you!
I've had more information for the crown
I gave that waiter at the "Calderon's Head,"
Than I could worm from you in seven years.

Ped. No bribe can make me blow a secret, sir.

Don A. How dare you keep a secret, sir, from me,
Your master, eh?—But, now the secret's mine:—

I've seen the mother and the maiden, too;
 The sexton's daughter, as *you* call her, rogue!
 Both ladies, born!—reduced to low estate—
 I knew the young girl's father, well—he's dead.
 Is this th' arena where Gregorio,
 My nephew, plays his pranks, the widow's hearth?

Ped. Nay, sir.

Don A. I grant him all indulgences;
 He wants for nothing that the Earth supplies:—
 But let me find the poor and helpless made
 A sacrifice to his desires! that hour—
 Good natured as I am, I cut him off. [*They retire up stage.*]

Enter Don Ivan, L.

Don. I. 'Tis past the hour of noon, and yet my son
 Is not arrived in town—I pray no harm
 Has overtaken him.—Who comes in haste?

Enter Blazo.

Bla. Your son, Fernando, sir.

Don I. Arrived at last!
 Why not announce himself? Why wait below?

Bla. He bade me first ask leave to introduce
 A youthful friend to you, sir, whom he met
 Upon the road.

Ped. His wife incog.!

Don I. Without my sanction he'll do nothing! go,
 Admit them both, instantan [*Sits down and reads. Exit Blazo.*]

Don A. Pedro, list:
 Gregorio visits this poor girl this day!
 I hear as much—to test his love for her
 Is my design—now you must act a part—
 His rival—in a gorgeous, courtly costume.
 Perform it well, and here is your reward. [*Shewing a purse.*]

Ped. For all this gold I'd play the devil himself.

Don A. You'll find a costly suit of mine up stairs.

Ped. I'll straight disguise.

Don A. And meet me there at two.

Ped. At two, precisely! Zounds! my fortune's made!

[*Exit, R. H.*]

*Enter Fernando, accompanied by Camilla, who is in male attire,
 and followed by Inez, who represents a page.*

Don I. Son, welcome!

Don A. Nephew!—welcome to Valencia!

Don I. Why, how is this, Fernando, you look pale?

Fer. The journey, sir,—fatigue—

Don I. Yes, yes, you're tired.

Don A. Cheer up, man; we are glad to find you here.

Gregorio! your brother has arrived!

[*Calling off,*]

Fer. Allow me, sirs, to introduce a friend,
A schoolmate I encountered on the way;
Though young, a most profound philosopher
And scholar.

Cam. Nay.—

Fer. Don Silo.

[*Introducing.*]

Cam. Laud me not:

Give Nature, in whose hands alone the germs
Of good and evil are deposited,

The praise or blame—I look upon my page

As if he were as good a man as I.—

A pure mind soars above the grovelling world.

Don A. That is philosophy—I like thee, youth.

Fer. Gregorio!

Enter Gregorio.

Greg. My brother! Don Silo, too! [*Embracing.*]
Ye ghosts of Greek and Roman rationalists,
What star hath driv'n the youthful sage among us?
I thank that star, be't Mercury, Mars, or Venus.

Cam. My stars have led—not forced—me hither, friend
All wise men rule their stars, saith Ptolemy.

Whose veins are filled with quicksilver may bow
To Mercury, poor frail barometers!—

Whose blood is fraught with martial fire, may stride
The field of Mars!—How soon that fire is quench'd!—

There's but vain glory for lost lives or scars.—

And as for Venus,—keep you this in mind,

That marriage may be liken'd to a bag,

Containing nine and ninety serpents, and—

One eel.—Who puts his hand in, let him pray;—

Once there, he must abide the consequence.

Don A. Profound philosophy!

Don I. A clever youth!

Greg. Hast drawn an eel or serpent from the bag?

[*Aside*]

Fer. Gad, one is bad as t'other,—a serpent stings,
An eel slips through your fingers.

[*Aside*]

Don A. Women.—Ah!

To trust their vows, is just as sensible
As holding eels by tail.—I never married,

Yet, I have all the pleasure of a father,

In this, my borrowed son, Gregorio!

Are you a married mortal?

[*Tr*]

Cam. Married!—I?

No woman e'er shall hold command o'er me!

Greg. Nor man, it strikes me, brother, what d'ye think!

[*Aside*]

Fer. Egad, she's bold enough to storm a town!

[*Aside to Greg.*

Cam. Ay, ay, Platonic love for me.

Don I. And me!

Greg. Phew! Plato was no gen'ral in the field
Of love.—Your Plato was a drummer!

Don I. }
Don A. } What!

Greg. A drummer, sirs, who play'd upon the drums
Of Grecian ears, and split them with his noise.
To men give friendship—to the fair sex, love,
No longer though, than love is mutual;
Worn out,—like an old garment,—cast it off.
Earth, air, sea, fire—green meadows, trees, fruit, flow'rs;
And—beauteous woman—all were made for man
To have, enjoy, and change, as nature prompts;
Such are our rights—creation's potentates.

Don I. Here's fine morality!—Young gentleman,
I prithee, rate this antediluvian savage,
Who'd taste of ev'ry dish, the cannibal!
Advise him in a bold platonic speech;
I've tried all argument in vain.

Cam. Trust me,
I'll play a tune upon the tympanums
Of his auricular organs, that will defy
The world to recompose or comprehend.
Divine typography, now cognate, when
Ungenerate by astral influence,
Then scribe, then bard, and oral pleonaams,
Obtained dynastic sway posterior to
The epoch of platonic dogmatisms,
Denounced delusive in transmitted lore:
Yet list, erroneous though they be, the dictum
Of Trismegistes, not in books yet found;
“The euphony of mental harmony,
“Regarding interchange of lofty thought,
“Is independent of contactations with
“Corporeal substance, male with mate.”
Hence, soporific lucubration—opsimathy,
Celestial and terraqueous research,
Trajects the soul above the carking cares
Of Hymenean conjugations!

[*Aside.*

Don I. Right!

Don A. How, nephew, are we vanquished? At him, boy!

Don I. I'm bless'd, though, if I comprehend!

Fer. Nor I.

Greg. Sir, learn that the vivifying light
Which emanates from tristful Troglodytes,

Hermitical,—or from the heterogeneous mass,
 Collegiate, opposes nescience.
 These facts to every mind are plain. You'll grant
 That Ichthyology, Cryptology,
 Pneumatology, with Stereography,
 Then Anthroposophy, Antology,
 Cosmology, supreme Psychology,
 And metaphysical theology :
 All science, linguadental pow'r combined,
 Put aluberdegullions in the murky way,
 And guide us through the golden path, lit by
 'The stellar orbs of optimacy feminine,
 For this alone the wise toil, study, live !

Don I. You understand him, tackle him again. [To

Cam. The septentrional dust man, Boreas,
 Who sweeps the streets and seas, is not more rude
 Or absolute than your hypothesis :
 Fiduciary wisdom deprecates
 Conglutination of barb-wounded cores,
 As union breeds the eisel of distaste—
 Concatinated genders must immanace
 Th' aspiring polyglot,—the poet,—sage ;—
 Whereas, who weds Minerva must decrease
 The use of henbane as a sedative.
 For henpeck'd anti-celibatists, now, sir.—

Greg. A truce ! a truce ! to you I yield the palm ;
 None save a woman dare encounter him !

Don A. Gregorio ! [In an

Don I. He is the best of lecturers.

Greg. Ay, for the curtain. [Aside :

Fer. Pray dont say so ! Lord !

I've married all known tongues on earth. [Aside to

Cam. Come, gentlemen, I'm for the country air ;

My carriage waits without, let's take a trip.

Don A. Nay, rather let Fernando see the town.

Cam. He cares not for the artificial, nor do I,

Give us the hill, the valley, and the grove,

The whistling ploughman, and the song bird's note !

Don I. Right-minded youth ! You love, then, husbandry

Cam. I've taken, sir, to husbandry of late ; [Looking

Who clothes his person in most costly garb,

Yea, even in the rare habiliment

An emperor might wear, can only boast

Two things ! his tailor and his vanity ;

But he, the husbandman, who robes the earth

In nature's bright apparel :—the rich green sward,

The golden fields of waving corn,—outspreading

The chequered carpet of high cultivation,

Not only benefits the living mass,
But wins the approbation of the gods!

Don I. My champion! there's a lesson for you all!

A second son, Fernando!—Call me father!

[*To Cam.*]

Cam. You are my father!—

[*They embrace.*]

Greg. Yes, in law.

Don I. I would you had a sister; she should wed
Your friend, Fernando.

Fer. Hah!

Cam. I have a sister!

Don I. How!

With sentiments like yours?

Cam. Ideas twin'd;

With one exception; like her sex at large,
Her thoughts are more on good Saint Valentine,
Than any other saint i' th' calander.

Don I. Your family is noble too, and rich?

Cam. My sister's wealth and title might command a prince!

Don I. The match is made! I fain would see her, though.

Cam. To-morrow, sir, you shall.

Don I. Fernando, list.—

[*Goes up stage with Cam.*]

Greg. A clever wench, by heaven! She works him well.

This is a rare, unlooked for victory.

[*To Fer., who retires up.*]

Don A. Here Pedro comes: he looks a paradox:

Like petty fogging law, in th' cloak of justice!

Enter Pedro in disguise.

Greg. What noble don is here?

Don A. You soon shall know.

Ped. Ah, hem! Your servant, sir—the sun shines bright,
I fain would take a stroll about the town—
And in my rambles call on Mergelina.—

Greg. On Mergelina!

[*Aside.*]

Don A. Do, poor girl, she suffers much—
Through Melchior's guile she lives in poverty.

Ped. And, then, the villain who deceived her—

Greg. Ah!

[*Aside.*]

Ped. Who e'er he be, this blade shall help him to
Warm winter quarters—let me find him out.—

[*Flourishing his sword.*]

Don A. You mean to marry her yourself?

Ped. Of course.

Don A. Then take her to your palace in Castile?

Ped. You guess aright.—Adieu, till dinner hour. [*Exit Ped.*]

Greg. Reduced to want!—deserted!—and by me.

Awake, Gregorio!—my poor beloved!—

I go—

[*Going.*]

Don A. Stay—whither, boy? You seem disturbed.—

Greg. Your friend—his name?

Don A. Don Styx; a nobleman
Of New Castile; he sojourns here incog.;
A day or two will settle his affair;
He kills a rival,—marries,—and retires.

Greg. I'll cut his throat!

Don A. You'll cut his throat! Zounds! Why?
My friend—you shall not follow.—Yes, he loves her! [*Aside.*]

Enter Blazo.—Don I., Fer. and Cam. come forward.

Blas. A letter, sir.—

Don A. Stay, ere I read it, listen, all.
You know our circular bed—'twill hold a score.
Let's all sleep there to-night, and in the morn,
On waking, we can talk philosophy.
You lie between Don Ivan and myself,
The page between Fernando and Gregorio.

Greg. For my part, I object not.

Fer. Are you mad?

[*Aside to Greg.*]

Don I. I'm quite content.

Don A. And I.

Fer. Consider my wife!

[*Aside to Greg.*]

Inez. Sirs, as an humble page, I must decline
The honor—and I'm no philosopher.

Greg. Four pages make a sheet, two sheets a bed.
Zounds! all our knowledge lies 'tween sheets and pages.

Cam. My studies, gentlemen, lack solitude;
None save my master, is admissible:

I court not, but decline the circular.

[*Don A. reads letter.*]

Don A. A letter from the minister of state,
Appointing me Alcaide of Valencia!

Omnes. You!

Don A. Ay! Behold! the duke's own signature!
Medina Cœli!

Don I. Then the usurer
Belies himself, or is deceived.

Greg. The king
Has nominated him, so *he* asserts;
Zounds, uncle, summon this vile counterfeit
Before you, and unmask him 'fore the world.

Don A. Depend on that.

Greg. But wait till he proclaims himself;
Th' exposure will be greater.

Don A. Be it so!

[*Retires up stage, with others.*]

Greg. The ink by that time will evaporate,
With all his cloud-built castles, into air!

Re-enter Blazo.

Bla. A letter from your steward in the country—

[*Gives a letter to Don I. Exit Blazo.*]

Greg. } Ha !
Fer. }

Don I. From my steward !

[*Opening it.*]

Fer. Brother, I am lost !

[*To Greg., aside.*]

Don I. [*Reading.*] "Sir, on the day you left the farm for town, Your son, Fernando,"—Heavens !—"disappear'd,

"And since has not been heard of."—

Don A. What, your saint ?

Don I. Fernando, is this true ?

Don A. The blessed boy !

The dutiful—the virtuous—lovely lad !

A first-rate judge of grain, leguminous plants ;

A botanist, can handle bullocks, sheep,—

Lay fallow, harrow, plough, and rake ; ha, ha !

Don I. Fernando !—will you answer ?—

Don A. Not a word !

His modesty is shock'd, poor sucking dove !

Re-enter Blazo.

Bla. The curate of Saint Jerom waits without.

Don A. The curate of Saint Jerom ! what wants he ?

Bla. I know not, sir.

Don A. Admit him.

[*Exit Blazo.*]

Fer. He who married us !

[*To Cam.*]

Greg. The whole will out as sure as fate !

Re-enter Blazo, conducting the curate.

Curate. Your servant, sirs.

Ah ! Signor !

[*Recognising Fernando.*]

Fer. Hush, in mercy !

Curate. No apology—

Your invitation, yesterday, to dine

With you and your beloved wife,—

Omnes. His wife !

Curate. This evening at the "Calderon's Head,"

Is not forgotten, you perceive.

Fer. I faint !—

Curate. I called there, and am led to understand

You give the dinner here, and here I am.

Don A. The darling boy—you left him at the plough,—

What harm, he's only taking to the yoke.

My town son for a thousand, Ursa Major,

Against your Ursa Minor !

[*To Don I.*]

Don I. Do I dream ?

Sir, do you know this youth ?

[*To curate*]

Curate. I married him
But yesternoon, to Melchior's ward.
Congratulate him, if you be his friend,
On wedding one so rich and beautiful.

Don A. Victoria! the wager's won! Ha! ha!

Well brother—my mansion is capacious: here
Is room enough for sundry families.

Thou'rt welcome, youth! What difference can it make,
Where wealth abounds, man, whether we rear birds,
Fowls, rabbits, guinea-pigs, or little boys and girls. [*To Don I.*

Don I. Deny this, rascal, or I shoot you dead!

What! have I brought you up in virtue's path—

Don A. To break down doors,—steal women from their homes,
And marry them despite of all the world.

A true Velasco! Viva, bride and bridegroom!

Don I. Oh, mountains, fall and hide me from the world!
I'll rend thee piecemeal!—

Don A. No you wont.

All here are guests, my guests—and I'll protect them;
Go tear up weeds and brambles, if you will,
But, leave the branches of our noble tree
Untouch'd; you've been too rigid with the boy,
And here's the fruit, the slave will break his bonds!

Waiter. [*without.*] I will come in!

Blazo. [*without.*] You shant come in!

Waiter. I must!—

Enter waiter, contending with Blazo,—two parcels under waiter's arms.

Sir, there is your disguise.—

And there is yours.— [*Throwing a parcel at Gregorio's feet.*
[*Throwing another at Fernando's feet.*

Don I. } Disguises! [*They open the parcels.*

Don A. } Since you've brought the "Calderon's Head"

In disrepute, by rioting, and worse,—

And, since you've broken all your promises,

To spend the honeymoon with us, not here,

My master sends your luggage after you:

'Twill take a good round sum to cool his rage,

I tell you, sirs; good morning, gentlemen. [*Exit Waiter.*

Don A. Why, s'blood, Gregorio, it was you assumed

The merchant o' Saragossa—let me see—

[*Puts wig and cloak upon Greg.*

Don I. What have we here?—the valet's coat and wig.—

My mind misgives me—let me be convinced—

[*Puts red wig on Fer.*
You are the villain who traduced my name! [*To Fer.*

Don A. Your angel boy turn'd devil!—

Per. We are ruin'd!

Don I. Abused me too, pretending not to know me!

All names opprobrious were thrown upon my head;

Babeon, slave driver, grinder of the poor;

My foot was made for killing clocks, my watch

To regulate the Sun—Despair! Rage! Fury!

My stick shall regulate my sons! Take that—

You knaves, you ingrates! heartless rascals, dogs!

[*Beating them round stage.—Servants rush in. Don Ivan is seized and carried off, R. H. Exit Greg., Per., Cam., and Inez, L. H.*]

SCENE II.—*Part of the suburbs of Valencia; city walls in distance.—Mergelina's cottage, L. H., an orchard, with low wall, R. H. Merg. discovered at a table, near cottage, making bouquets of flowers.*

Mery. My task is finish'd; I've disposed of six—
And twelve remain—my customers were liberal.
I doubt not but existence may be won
In this poor avocation.—Mother, dear!
You shall not lack through Mergelina's pride,
Deserted by the world, I live for thee, alone.
She comes.

Enter Jacintha, 1st R. L.

Dear mother, welcome! Your repeat
Is purchased and prepared.

Jacin. You sold some flowers, then, child?

Mery. Sufficient to sustain us for a day.

Jacin. And is it come to this, my darling girl,
That thou, who, in the lap of luxury
Wert nursed, art driven to so mean a task?

Mery. The joy of aiding thee, in penury,
Hath made me prouder than a new made queen,
And I will crown me with a roseate wreath!

Jacin. The neighbours flout the child.

Mery. I feel no shame;

The undertaking is an upright one,
Their smiles or frowns are not our bread; in, mother—come.

[*Leading her into cottage.*]

Enter Don Andrea and Pedro—the latter in disguise.

Don A. You strut as if you were a noble born.

Ped. Egad, I feel a noble bred and born;

'Tis all comprised in dress, in purse, and gait.

Don A. Sheer nonsense from the lofty, is, by some,

Thought reasonable—poor men's philosophy,
 A drug : the while you're in my clothes and shoes,
 Your natural gifts, conceit and foolery,
 Will suit the part you undertake to play,
 The rival of my son—and see, he comes!
 Let's in, and tell the mother of our scheme. [*Exeunt into cottage.*]

Enter Gregorio, Fernando, Camilla, and Inez, R. H.

Fer. Alack, the day! an everlasting breach
 Is certainly establish'd, 'tween our sire
 And us, Gregorio;—he'll ne'er forgive—

Greg. Pshaw! man, we'll set Camilla on to work,
 Who could, in my opinion, reconcile
 The adverse elements of fire and water.—

Cam. Already, in my brain, the plan is ranged,
 To dissipate these clouds, and sunshine make,
 When sun and clouds agree to separate,
 Then fire and water may be call'd fast friends;
 But you shall all be friends by union,
 Yea, through his rainy sorrow, he shall smile
 On both, ere four and twenty glasses run.
 Leave this to me and time.

Greg. I trust in thee:
 But, mark you, Mergelina comes, retire
 I' th' orchard there—come when I call you forth.

[*Greg. retires up with them.—Fer., Cam., and Inez enter orchard.*]

Enter Mergelina—she seats herself beside her basket of flowers.
Greg. comes forward.

Greg. A flower girl! she! to this low ebb reduced!
 By me neglected, and by Melchior robb'd—
 This calms my stormy course.

Merg. Gregorio!

[*She rises from her seat, and is about to enter cottage.*]

Greg. Stay—wherefore fly me?—You are much abused,
 By knavery on Melchior's part, and lack
 Of courtesy on mine; leave him to Heaven,
 But grant me speech to justify my acts.

Merg. Oh, wherefore do you come to gaze upon,
 And mock my desolation? I had hoped,
 When love and fortune had forsaken me,
 At least, to rest in silent solitude.

Greg. Heav'n witness, I am here to lay the balm
 Of comfort to thy wounded spirit;—love
 And affluence are thine!

Merg. And is it thus,
 That he who should protect me, as I hoped,

Is first t' assail my honour? Give thy love
And wealth to whom they're due—thy wedded wife.

Greg. I am not wedded!

Merg. Flout me not, I pray!—

Your bark is on the peaceful sunlit sea—
Mine, sir, upon the stormy midnight deep.
Oh, for a home beyond the reach of earth!
I never sought thy love—the first approach
Was thine—you woo'd the orphan, to betray.
Now learn, the worst is done—my heart is wither'd—
The tow'r of my ambition overthrown,
Yea, crumbled into dust—but honor stands
As fix'd as Andes on his mighty base,
And towers above th' inhuman world! Away!

Greg. Oh, what a treasure here—one word in pity—

Merg. Be reckless of thy character—thou may'st;
Make father, relative, and friend, shed tears
For thy misdeeds, or in the plenitude
Of wealth and pow'r, contrive to persecute
Defenceless poverty, but hope thou first
To blur the orb of day, ere blot my name—

Greg. In mercy, pause—

Merg. Though heart and hearth are desolate,
One treasure still, I call and boast my own;
The high nobility of virtue.—Hence! [*Exit Merg. into cottage.*]

Greg. Camilla! Ho! Fernando!

Enter Cam. and Fer. from orchard.

Fer. What's amiss?

Greg. A mis, or sweet-heart is the plague! Go in,—
She'll not believe or hear;—explain to her,
I pray, that you've enslaved yourselves: I mean,
That you are man and wife—that I am single—

Cam. Spare words, we execute your will at once.

[*Exeunt Cam. and Fer. into cottage.*]

Greg. I would not change her for a thousand worlds!
Who's here?—My new Castilian rival!—S'death!

[*Pedro appears at cottage door, with Jacintha.*]

A light breaks in:—for him she slights my love!

Ped. Adieu, Dame; ere to-morrow reckons twelve,
Fair Mergelina weds, and off we trip
To New Castile.—

[*Exit Dame. Don A. puts his head out of cottage window.*]

Greg. Ere thou canst number six,
Castilian, look to see the devil dance
Attendance on thy soul; prepare to die!

[*Draws. Don A. disappears.*]

Ped. What lunatic is here?

Greg. I'll send thee, like
A meteor, whizzing to th' infernal gates!
Draw, dastard!

[Trips him up.

Ped. Murder!

Greg. Die!

Ped. Help! Save me!—

Enter Don Andrea.

Don. Hold!
'Tis Pedro!

[Comes between them.

Greg. Pedro!

Don A. Pedro, in disguise,
Assumed by my desire, to test your love
For Mergelina.

Ped. Oh, my aching bones!

[Rising.

Don A. Home, rascal, here are pills to cure your pains.—

[Gives him gold.

Ped. More gold! Dear master!—Oh, my back!—All gold—
Oh!—

[Placing his hand upon his back.

Don A. You won her love, then slighted her, I learn:
Now, you must marry her, or never hope
To call me uncle more.

Greg. Your will is my desire!
I ever wish'd it thus; but fear'd to move
The matter to you, lest her poverty—

Don A. Her poverty, thou fool! a virtuous mind
Outweighs a bank of paltry doubloons!
I see, thou lovest—to-morrow she's a rib!

Enter Fer. and Cam.

Greg. Well, brother?

Fer. All is settled, all explained.

Greg. What said she, and how look'd she, let me hear?

Cam. The change we wrought, bears this similitude:
The bleak December of a polar clime,
Transformed to smiling summer in the south!

Don A. Say, what have you explained to her, within?

Cam. This, simply, that Gregorio, sword in hand,
Enforced the usurer's ward to quit her home.

Don A. I thought so, notwithstanding all he said.

Cam. And married her, despite her teeth.—

Don A. How, what?

Cam. To poor love lorn Fernando, here.

Don A. To him! All's well!

Cam. That I'm the usurer's ward!

Don A. The deuce you are!

Cam. That I'm Fernando's wife.

Don A. The plague you are!

Cam. In doors, Don Andrea, we'll tell you all.

Don A. Dear me, I trow I've heard enough already !
Three precious boys I've got, and one's a girl !
Well, let us in, Don Silo, ward, sage, wife !
And settle matters thoroughly.

Omnes. In, in !

[*Exeunt into cottage*]

Enter Melchior, I. E. L. H.

Mel. I hate and dread that youth, Gregorio ;
I'm told he loves the daughter of Jacintha, here,
Whom I have wrong'd.—To see her justified,
Or soon or late, he'll wield the arm of law,
(The which *she* hath no means to move) against me.
Books will betray.—Her wealth, now mine, I lose.
How to prevent—'tis thus—to marry her.—
The while she deems him false—the which I've learnt—
The task may not be difficult.—Now, Sinew !—

Enter Sinew.

All bills are discounted ?

Sin. Be upon your guard.

Mel. What mean you ? Speak !

Sin. Sir, send me not again
Discounting bills.—

[*Offering them—Mel. snatches them.*]

Mel. Slave !—Master, wherefore not ?

[*Sarcastically.*]

Sin. I beg you not.

Mel. What lurking devil speaks
Within your bosom, prompting disobedience ?
Art not my menial ?—Is my credit gone ?

Or have you foul'd my name with slanderous tongue ?

Sin. My conscience tells me not to offer them.

Mel. Thou villain, what compunction should be thine ?

[*Seizing him.*]

Am I not honest, rich, and powerful ?

Alcayde Mayor of Valencia ?—know they that ?

Explain thy words ; I spurn thee, dog like, else !—

Sin. Suspicions are abroad.—

Mel. Of what ?

Sin. That you possess—

Mel. What, knave ? I'll shake the secret from your carcase.

[*Shaking him.*]

Sin. The devil's ink !—

Mel. Fool ! [*Throwing him from him.*] All at last is out !
To work then, Melchior, speed, proclaim thyself
The Mayor of proud Valencia.—Those who hate,
Will fear me then—and fear begets respect.
Who'll dare to slur th' Alcayde Mayor's name ?
I bade you meet me here—come, Sinew, hither ;—

} *Aside.*

Heed not my anger.—I commission you
 To bear my proposition of a marriage
 To Mergelina, here;—await no answer;
 For presently I pass her door again,
 Accompanied by my friends, proclaiming me
 Alcaide! She will scarce refuse the hand
 Which has the pow'r t' ennoble or to crush.

[Exit

[The parties in back ground come forward, unnoticed by!]
 Cam. This note for me! [Snatching note out of Sinew's]

Sin. Hah!

Cam. Sinew, dont you know me?

Your favourite, Camilla, Melchior's ward?

Sin. In this disguise!

Cam. Friend Sinew, you are vilely used.

Sin. Used—worse than dog!

Cam. We all have witness been;—befriend yourself,

Desert Melchior:—a better salary,

And secretaryship, I offer you.

Nay, smile not yet—on this condition,—mark,—

By noon to-morrow, at Don Andrea's house,

Produce a copy from the usurer's books,

Of those accounts pertaining to th' estates

Of Mergelina,—outlay, profits, all!

Sin. I'm then your secretary?

Cam. As I live!

Sin. About it, Sinew—

Don A. Bravo!

Sin. Vengeance and reward,

Will then be thine!

Greg. Ay, more than yet you dream of.

A hundred ducats in advance—

[Giving him

Sin. Mine?

Greg. Thine.

Sin. The work consider done—the worried dog

Will bite! Now tyrant, master, mine, beware? [Exit

[Silva, Bernard, Friola, and Alvaro laugh w

Don A. What sons of momus have we here?

Enter Silo., Bernard, Friola, and Alvaro.

Greg. My friends!—

[Shaking hands with them. Cam. and Merg. converse

Alvaro. Rejoice, Gregorio, rejoice! my sides!

'Fore gad, they split with loud convulsive mirth!

The usurer comes this way, by friends inclip'd,

As veritably gull'd as he himself!

Greg. The cunning, stupid ass, hath bound himself

In lion's skin at our suggestion, then,—

Is now about to have himself proclaimed

Alcayde Mayor, through the roaring streets! [*All laugh.*
 Ha! Glorious! Gods! we'll let him have his way
 A little while, then jeer him.

Don A. No such thing.
 We'll do him homage, then,—leave all to me. [*Shouts without.*
 He comes!

Enter Melchior followed by a mob. Shouts.

Don A. Hail, Melchior! Hail, Valencia's ruler;

Mel. Don Andrea come to welcome me!

Don A. Ay, sir, and in consideration of the injuries
 Inflicted on you, by my nephews, here,
 And furthermore, to honour your appointment,
 I give a princely banquet at my house,
 To-morrow afternoon:—invite your friends,
 And there install yourself Alcayde Mayor!

Mel. 'Twill spare me much expense, Don Andrea,—
 [*Shaking hands with him.*

I thank you—and accept your invitation.

Don A. We've also heard of your intentions, sir,
 Towards Mergelina.

Mel. Hah!

Don A. And at th' same time,
 T' arrange this matter, I'll invite her too,
 And trust me, all that lies within my power
 To make *her* happy, shall be done.

Mel. Thanks! thanks! [*Shouts from Greg., Fer., Alv., &c.*

Don A. Be sure you come.

Mel. Ne'er fear me, sir.—Move on! [*Shouts.*

Greg. A chair, a chair, to bear him through the town!

[*A sort of rustic triumphant chair is brought in.*

Mel. Nay, friends, excuse—

Omnes. No! no excuse! the chair!

[*They force him into chair. He is borne off on men's shoulders, amid shouts, suppressed laughter, and derision. Some few rotten pears and apples, which are procured from orchard, are thrown after him. Exeunt shouting.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in Don Andrea's mansion, 1st & Don Ivan seated at a small table, c. in a desponding his head resting upon his hand.*

Enter Camilla, cautiously, L. H.

Cam. There sits he—like old Saturn when in Tartarus
Despising all, and frowning on the world;
Now, to prevent him eating both his sons,
For disobedience, he mine the task;
Thrice he has been entreated, fruitlessly,
To join our civic festival.

Don I. The plague!

[Placing his clenched hand upon his forehead]

Cam. Good pleaders plunge at once into the tide
Of argument:—here goes—Don Ivan—

Don I. You!

[Turning suddenly round upon her]

Cam. I see, Don Ivan, you are wont to rail;
But railing's not the road to bliss; if 'twere,
Zooks! I could, like Zantippe, bluster loud,
And drown stentorian voices.—Sir, your ear,—
Your patience, and your pardon, should my speech
Unwittingly offend.

Don I. Were you not, sir,
A partner in my son's disgraceful work?

Cam. No, faith, as I'm a man!

Don I. No?

Cam. Honour'd sir,
I am deputed by our noble host,
To beg that, ere the costly viands cool,
You join in our festivity.

Don I. Away!

Cam. To-day, Don Ivan, all Valencia smiles.

Don I. All? I dont smile.

Cam. You war alone, against
The world; believe me as an humble friend—

Don I. There's no such thing as friend! proclaim you
A friend, you make a *breach*; I hate a friend!

Cam. Well, as a foe, let me advise; the world,
You see, is not less joyful for your frowns;
Then, spite the world with friendship and with smiles:
Nought galls the jealous more than others' bliss,
Their only comfort is in mortal woe.

If you are sad, three portions of mankind,
The envious class, will laugh;—should you rejoice,
You make three out of four disconsolate,
And consequently, thrice the happiness,
(Being steep'd in vinegar yourself,) is yours!

Don I. So you think.

Cam. Think, sir; it is my belief:

Once let your household and your relatives,
Know happiness, you'll win respect and love;
The news will fly abroad, and you and they
Will be the envy of the neighbourhood,
You'll make, at least, some thousands miserable.

Don I. What father can forgive ingrateful sons?

Cam. They will not call you father while you frown;
But smile on them, and they will worship you!
Now seriously—think on your noble brother,
Don Andrea;—his joyous temperament
Has won for him th' esteem of all he knows;
His rare benevolence and charity,
The love of rich and poor; his worth is blazed
In courtly halls; the king himself, creates
Him ruler of Valencia! honours fall
Upon his head, while you, his opposite,
In temper, are forsaken by mankind,
And in your brooding woes no comfort find.

Don I. Hum—thou art bold—and yet thou may'st be right—
Young sage—we'll test this new experiment,
How laughter and liberality may work.
Come, I am challenged to it, I'll begin.—
We'll see how fools are won by smiles and gold—

Enter Pedro, in fear.

Ped. Hem—gracious sir, the dinner cools.

[*To Don I.*

Don I. What's that to me!

[*Pedro starts back.*

Cam. Don, Don, are these your smiles?—

Don I. Gad, I forgot—

I'll try and twist my mouth into a grin—

What, Pedro, is it you?—

[*Smiling.*

Ped. Yes, sir, 'tis me.

[*Smiling also.*

Don I. I've won a smile already.

[*Aside to Cam.*

Cam. As, of course.

Don I. Nay, fear not, worthy, honest, clever fellow!

Ped. Oh, sir!

Don I. Yea, worthy, for you stick at naught

To serve my son, your master,—honest, too,

No bribe can make you tell a lie.

Ped. How true!—

Don I. And I am told you play'd your part right well,

The rival of my son, to test his love

For Mergelina!

Ped. Ah! poor girl, I did—

[*Placing his hand on back, as if in pain.*

Don I. The rich should intermarry with the poor.

Ped. Of course, my lord, then all would share alike!

Enter Blazo.

Don I. How! Blazo here! Art come t' announce the feast?

Bla. Why,—yes, sir,—

Don I. Nay, good Blazo, shrink not thus;

I owe both you and Pedro some reward. [*Taking out purse.*]

Cam. Now come, Fernando and Gregorio!

This humour lasting, he will pardon all. [*Exit Cam., &c.*]

Don I. You've shewn such rare attachment to my son,

I cannot but requite you, let his prayers

Be what they may, you're safe to cry, Amen!

[*Takes money out of his purse.*]

Enter Don Andrea, Greg., Fer., Alvaro, and Friola, unperceived.

Ped. Gregorio is a king!

Bla. Fernando, too!

Don I. A doubloon for you.

[*Gives Pedro money.*]

Ped. Oh, generous sir!

Don I. He calls me generous. [*Aside.*] Blazo, one for you.—

[*Gives Blazo money.*]

Bla. Thanks, worthy sir!—

Don I. I'm worthy, too—

[*Laughing.*]

Ped. How changed!

[*Aside to Blazo.*]

Don A. Good brother, we are merry!—

[*Coming forward.*]

Don I. Merry, ay!

Men's humours, like the weather's alterable;

But yesterday, we quarrell'd with our boys,

To-day we must applaud them for their wit,

Their ingenuity, their—

Greg. } Oh! dear Sir! [*Rushing forward & kissing his hands.*]

Fer. }

Don I. Dear sir! Lord! Lord! of what are mortals made?

[*Coming forward.*]

Don A. In earnest, is he, think you?

[*To Fer. and Greg.*]

Don I. You've done well.

Some day ye may be fathers, and your sons

Will act by you as you have done by me,

They'll make you happy.

Don A. It is in our blood,

To make relations happy.

Don I. I could laugh

For joy, at having two such gallant youths.

Come, hie we to the banquet! Stay—a word,

Your wife, Fernando, your intended wife,

Gregorio; I fain would see them both.

Greg. You shall, dear father, ere the banquet ends.

Don I. Dear father!

[*Aside.*]

Don A. Brother, you are christianized!—

There's Mergelina, she is penniless;

But shall she lack a goodly portion? No,

'll give her one !

Greg. My uncle !—

Ped. } Bravo !

Bla. } Hush !

Don A. Hush !

Don I. And, think you I shall be outdone by you ?

'll treble it !

Fer. } Oh, charming father ! Oh !

Greg. } Oh, charming father ! Oh !

Don I. There—now I'm charming !—Gad, it's pleasant, though
[*Aside.*

Ped. } Long live Don Ivan ! he's a prince. Hurrah !

Bla. } Long live Don Ivan ! he's a prince. Hurrah !

Don I. A prince ! more money for ye, lads ! here ! here !

[*Putting hands in pockets.*

How well you did the trick at Melchior's house !

Ped. } Ay, did we not ?

Bla. } Ay, did we not ?

Don I. Then, at the "Calderon's Head,"

How many harmless lies you spread abroad,

To shield my bless'd boys from their father's ire.

Ped. } We did, we did !

Bla. } We did, we did !

Don I. In all their freaks of innocence,

You stuck by them.

Ped. } We glory in it, sir !

Bla. } We glory in it, sir !

Don I. Hence, I reward you—an encouragement

To other servitors to do the like.

[*Gives them money.*

Now those poor actors ?

Omnes. Actors—

Don I. Friends of yours.

Greg. Yes, yes. Friola and Alvaro, you are called ?

[*They come forward.*

Don A. You pay their swilling liabilities ?

Why not, poor fellows ?

Greg. Right, your actor is

The most companionable dog alive ;

All feeling, heart, life, soul ! a very sun,

To light the festive board. Good company

Is cheap at any price. I'll pay for them,

As long as griping managers exist !

Don I. Good boy ! a well directed charity !

I beg to join you in the holy work ! [*Gives Alvo. and Friola money.*

Omnes. Delightful father !

Don A. Brother, let's embrace.

[*Embraces Don I.*

Don I. Embrace we all !

Ped. } Ay, ay, embrace we all !

Bla. } Ay, ay, embrace we all !

[*Embracing each other.*

[*Don I. and Don A. alternately embrace Greg. and Pa. Fer. and Greg. alternately embrace Alo. and Fris. then Ped. and Blazo.—Ped. and Bla. are about to rush into the old men's arms—the old men kick them off. Exeunt all.*]

SCENE II., and last.—*A banquet hall in Don Andrea's mansion. Melchior discovered in a magisterial chair, R., 2nd E. Don Andrea, Don Ivan and Fernando, seated at table on the left of Mel. Priola, Silva, and Bernard at table, L. H. U. E. Other guests, ladies, and gentlemen, discovered at side tables, which extend from 2nd Entrance to the upper wings. Music.—Pages wait on Mel.—Guests rise, and come forward.*

Chorus of Guests.

All hail! our new Alcayde Mayor,
Long may he flourish, is our prayer,
From old Gibralter to Placentia,
Or from Cortinna to Valencia;
We cannot find another like him!
No sin upon his conscience dwelling;
No justice for a bribe e'er selling;
He'll steer through life well, and when going,
The world will after him be rowing.
May ev'ry lucky planet strike him!

After Chorus—enter Gregorio, disguised as the Merchant of Saragossa, leading in Jacintha and Mergelina, who are veiled. Sinew follows them in, L. H., 1st E.

Greg. Hold! hold! Alcayde Mayor, I would sue
Without a soo, (for I have lost my all)
In pressing haste, for justice; speedily
Decide, the case demands it: though at risk
Of breaking off the festive scene, I cry
For justice! Justice, mighty sir!

Mel. 'Tis he!—

The merchant o' Saragossa.—Pardon, friends,
Resume your seats, nor balk this hour of joy—
In private we will deal with this affair.

Greg. A public trial! I insist on that!
Even now, Alcayde of Valencia, now!
Refuse, and look for storms.

[*Aloud.*
Aside to him.

Mel. Don Andrea,
I hold thee answerable, as thy guest,
For this indignity; if thou wouldst shine
In my good graces, call thy vassals quickly,
And thrust th' intruder out.

Greg. A shipwreck! Lo!—

abold ! the merciless surges swallow up
 the vessel, hands, and all, save one poor child ;
 Is cast alone, upon a sterile rock,
 the clouds of night descend—its cries are heard
 upon the pit'less blast, it stretches forth
 its little hands for succour, who will stand
 between me and a rescue ?

Omnès. None ! none ! none !

Greg. My case is parallel with the picture drawn.
 In him who'll strangle justice, malisons !

Don A. I pose thee not. [*To Greg.*] Good Melchior, try the
 cause.

Mel. Proceed, then.

Greg. Thus it stands :—List, all around ;—
 A Spanish merchant in Jamaica, died
 On's own estate ; his family the while,
 Dwelt here at home.—No tear bedew'd his hearse—
 But, ere he left the world, he made a will,
 Entrusting it, also the guardianship
 Of wife and child—weak man—to whom, forsooth ?—
 Of all men else, an usurer of Valencia !

Mel. [*Aside to servant.*] Gold—hie thee, bring a troop of
 Alguazils. [*Servant takes gold and exits.*]

Greg. The profits of th' estate increased each year,
 But mark the wily usurer's report ;
 The light of its prosperity has waned,
 Three parts of it were mortgaged, and to him,
 For gambling debts the father had incur'd.
 These falsehoods wrong the living and the dead !
 The grasping knave gloats o'er this ill got wealth,
 The while, the widow and the orphan pine
 In fenceless penury !

Mel. Canst prove this ?

Greg. Ay !

Sure as the Sun can prove the day !

Sin. [*Aside to Greg.*] Th' account— [*Offering Greg. a paper.*]

Greg. Not yet—I prithee, lisp not yet one word.

Sin. I'm silent as a mouse in miser's cheese.

Greg. He'll yet accuse himself—What ! shall the false
 Dispositor of this rich merchant's will,
 Lie wallowing in luxury, double chin'd,
 The heirs to all his wealth go houseless ?—Come,
 Thy judgment, sapient Midas !

Mel. I go hence.—

[*Going.*]

Don A. Nay, prithee, honest Melchior, judgment, come—

Mel. I stay not here, the mock of lunacy.

No judgment hall is here, no officers
 Of justice, no defendant, witnesses,
 Nor ought to constitute a legal suit.

Away, thou brainless malcontent, or dread
Th' Alcayde of Valencia's wrath ! Ha, ha ! [*Seeing the Alguazil*]

Enter Alguazils, R. H.

My helpmates, are ye here ?

Don A. Who sent for them ?

Mel. Thy ruler ! peace, inhospitable man !

Protection, which by courtesy is due

From thee, I gain by force—nor thank thee for it.

Now, officers of justice, seize that man ! [*Taking chair and pointing to Greg.*]

[*They seize him—he brings them forward*]

Greg. Friends, ere obedience on dictation waits,

Be sure that your commander wields the mace ;

Great fish are seldom found in shallow dams,

When so, they yield a sport : mark, sirs, how soon

This most voracious mock Leviathan

Will flounder in the shoals.—

[*Officers retire*]

Mel. Not yet obeyed ?

Greg. Look on this phial, and obey thou me.

[*Aside to Mel., shewing him a bottle of the i*]

Again I claim a hearing to my suit—

The judge, the base defendant,—witnesses,

And officers of law are in the court.

[*Handing forward Jacin. and Merg., who are still veiled*]

Mel. Where stands th' accused ?

Greg. Where ?—in thy shoes !—

Now, higgling huckster, hear the just accounts.

[*Taking them from S*]

A clever computist hath copied them

From out thy books.—I need not wade them through.

In brief, the profit since the merchant's death,

On Duckworth, and on Dacresfield estates,

Are full ten thousand doubloons.—Ah, Fox !—

Mel. What villain furnish'd this account ? His name ?

Sin. I did, good master Vampire Bat—didst think

The world asleep, that thou could'st make it bleed

So freely ? A rogue's abuse hath made me honest.

Greg. Thou stormy blast upon life's peaceful tide,
Behold the wreck thou'st made ! [*Jacintha and Merg. un-*]

Mel. Am I the judge,

Defamer, in this case, or thou ?

Greg. Not thou.

Thou art the serpent, who, to mark revenge

Upon the file, destroyed his teeth in biting.

Mel. By all my magisterial might I swear—

Greg. Swear not by that thou canst not boast thine own.

Mel. That I am Governor, the proof is here,

Deluded man, i' th' king's own hand and seal !

Th' eviction of the matter shall discomf'ort thee.—

Upon the proof be ready to obey

My mandate, Alguazils. Dogbramble, I

Will cut thee down, and cure thee of the hip!

Would'st use the pelting law 'gainst Pluto, fool,

And hold thy court on Lethe's dismal shore?

Thou'st roused the tiger in his lair.—Look to't!

Greg. 'Tis said Don Andrea is appointed mayor.

Mel. The document, thou raving bedlamite,

[*Producing paper.*]

Behold!—The early bird secures the worm.

Don A. Ay, sir—but know you what the schoolboy said?

A brainless fool the worm must be to rise

So soon. Thine office hath been tender'd me!

Mel. 'Tis mine!—a bird in hand's worth two in bush.

Greg. The cunning birds in th' bush don't think so, though.

Come, read the document—stay, who is here?

The Duke Medina Coeli, as I breathe!

Enter Alvaro, disguised as Duke.

Mel. The minister of state! He from whose hands

The letter of appointment I received?

[*Alvaro comes forward, taking snuff. Priola, Silva, and Bernard paying court to him.*]

Good Duke o' Medina.—

[*Kneeling to Alvaro.*]

Alv. Melchior!—Rise.—

Mel. My lord, beyond forbearance, I'm abused,

My good name questioned, and my power defy'd.

The royal order, signature, and seal,

Are here—presented by yourself.

Alv. True, friend.

Mel. Thou knowest the contents?— [Handing him letter.

Alv. I here avouch

That every line contained in this epistle,

Is true as visible.—I pray you read.— [Handing back letter.

Greg. That thou'rt Alcayde Mayor this decides.

Mel. Ay,aland'rer, to thy cost,—now, now, sirs, now!—

[*Opens letter, which is a blank.*]

Greg. Rub not thine eyes;—there's nothing here inscribed.

Why, one might swear 'twas written with this ink.—

[*Shewing bottle.*]

Mel. Fool'd!—Duped!—Art thou not minister of state?

[*To Alv.*]

Alv. At present, sir, I am not in a state,

I much regret, to minister condolence—

Learn, sir, that I'm an actor, poor as Job—

This part is not the only one I've play'd—

If I've deceived you, 'tis our art's perfection;

Last night I played the king of Old Castile,

Greg. And, but for your cast iron voice and gait,
The personation was divine.—

Mel. The seal— [Looking at seal.]

Greg. The seal, sir,—has ambition blinded you ?
It bears the arms of royalty, I grant ;
It is the signet of our Royal Theatre.

Alv. The seal I used for my last benefit.

Greg. Canst thou not see "stall ticket" underneath ?

Mel. I sink—

Greg. Alvaro, here—we'll end this mask ;
You are an actor, and these properties
May serve your turn—

Alv. Oh, thanks!

Greg. A good slouch'd hat,— [Giving Alvaro his hat.]
A wig,—hair, silver grey,—this gold-topp'd cane,—
And now my merchant's cloak.— [Giving all up to Alvaro.]

Omnes. Gregorio!

Greg. Thou'rt now as much a trader as a duke. [To Alv.]
And thou as much a mayor as I'm a horse. [To Melchior.]

The true Alcayde, sir, is in his chair!
Good uncle, pass thy maiden judgment now,
The case is clear ;—but ere thy fiat comes,
Pray join with me in pity for his plight,
And look upon his faults as you've on mine,
And those of all mankind, as weaknesses,
Inherent in the sons of Earth, which time
And kind reproaches may eradicate.

Don A. I prize th' advice—but yet I must be just,
Else our complainants were unfairly served ;
The profits on th' West Indian estates,
With interest for the years unjustly held,
I judge that Melchior shall re-fund this day,
To Dame Jacintha and her orphan child.

Jacin. } Oh, thanks! thanks! thanks!
Merg. }

[Kneeling at Don A.'s feet.]

Don A. Your future guardian I will be. [Raising them.]
Dismortgage their estates, if mortgaged, knave!— [To Melchior.]
And furthermore, restore all documents,
Pertaining to thy ward, Camilla's dow'r.

Mel. Her lands and wealth were both made o'er to me,
And by her spouse, Gregorio,—thy nephew!

Greg. Fernando, is her husband, cunning one!
Yet, shew the scrip—

Mel. 'Tis here.

Greg. We are content,
That you retain her dower, if so you find
It written down. [Mel. opens paper.] Another blank! you see,
My friend, we've made rare use o' the devil's Ink!—

Don A. Destroy that ink, and quit Valencia's walls,
Within three days. Now, officer, conduct him forth,
And see that my desires are well borne out.

Greg. Nay, scowl not; be content we take not all
Thy gold, and make thee present of a chain.

[*Melchior is led off by Alguazils.*]

Don Ivan enters with Camilla, who is attired in her bridal dress.

Don I. Here—here's a fine discovery! The sage,
The young philosopher, transmuted into
Old Melchior's Ward, my son Fernando's wife!

Don A. We know it, and she's rich, as beauteous!

Cam. Your blessing, sir! [*Kneeling with Per. to Don I.*]

Don I. Ay, ay; 'tis yours, my children!

[*Raising them and joining their hands.*]

But, where's the much-wrong'd orphan maid?

Greg. For her I crave your second benediction,
And beg your free consent to call her wife. [*Kneeling with Merg.*]

Don I. I call you not my son if you forsake her.

[*Raising them.*]

My blessing on ye all—who'll now complain

I shew no suavity in temperament?

Don A. Like th' orange, after plucking, you grow sweet.

Don I. Come, come, then, brother liberal, there's a chance
For you to shew your sweetness—this good dame,
Jacintha, is a widow—marry her,
And crown the feast.

Don A. Tush, brother, hold your tongue.

Don I. You can't do better.

Don A. Cease, I pray!

Don I. Come—

Don A. Pshaw!—

Greg. A truce! a truce! we'll have a Saraband;
Musicians, bend your minds to Orpheus;
Loved Mergelina, trip it here with me.

Merg. In this unsuited garb?—

Greg. In that more prized!

The stars of Heaven enwrap themselves in clouds,
Their glories are the greater breaking forth!

A Saraband, my only love, with thee!

[*Music.*]

[*A Saraband by the Company, with exception of Don I.,—
who, shortly after its commencement, is induced by
Camilla to join the dance.—Curtain falls.*]

THE END.

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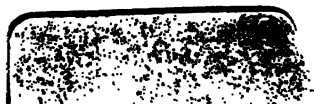




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